

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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3



Highland Fling

Petrov cover
in authentic

OFF DUTY: Candid cameragraphs of our Diggers in Darwin



FISHING is a favorite pastime at Darwin. Here showing whiting caught at Rapid Creek are: J. Brown, J. Heath, L. Schultz, T. Aitken, E. R. Thomas, R. Mathieson, and T. Bird.

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BILE BEANS



DAISY BANANA, seven-year-old full-blooded aborigine, poses for soldier Bob Carberry.

Special studies by The Australian Women's Weekly photographer, W. (Bill) Brindle

Troops in Darwin say they are forgotten . . .



A.I.F. PICTURE AUDIENCE in open-air picture theatre the men have built for themselves at one of the camps. (Pictures by The Australian Women's Weekly photographer, W. (Bill) Brindley.)

Why soldiers in the north are disappointed and restless

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH, our special representative who has just returned from Darwin.

In the past few months I have visited the camps of thousands of Australian troops in Malaya and Darwin.

In Malaya, in spite of the trying climate, gruelling training, homesickness, fresh food difficulties, irregular arrival of comforts, and restlessness to go into action, I found a magnificent spirit among the men.

They discounted their difficulties and made a wonderful impression on the local population.

In Darwin I found the men restless and disappointed.

"We feel we've been dumped and forgotten," many of them said.

This is the main reason for their restlessness. They are not yet on overseas conditions, which means they are not eligible for war medals or to be termed "returned soldiers" after the war, receive no deferred pay and still have to pay income tax.

OTHER complaints are:—

The soldiers have been doing laboring work for 5/- a day alongside civilians getting from £5 to £8 a week.

Arrival of newspapers is slow and intermittent. Papers may not arrive for four or five weeks on end, and there are very few radio sets in the services.

There are no facilities for amusement beyond two church clubs for the entire services in the town and

any amusements they can stage for themselves in their own camps.

There is hardly any fresh food in their diet.

Work in the bush takes such toll of their clothes that many of them have to wear bathing trunks because they have no shorts.

The variation in pay and conditions among the different military units causes disunity and friction.

In comparison the men in Malaya were better off.

They receive overseas pay and privileges.

Every camp except one was within reach of a town that offers amusement and diversion from their training.

The camps being spread over a large area, they receive more hospitality from a much larger civilian population.

If home papers arrive irregularly, at least there are several daily papers which carry a fair amount of Australian news.

In a country that has been prepared for war for years, supply is better organised, and there is not that sense of complete isolation

Recommendation to War Cabinet

SINCE Mrs. Shelton Smith informed the Minister for the Army, Mr. Spender, of the grievances of the A.I.F. in Darwin, he has announced he will recommend to War Cabinet that A.I.F. men retained in Australia should receive the same rates of pay and conditions as A.I.F. overseas.

which exists in Darwin. We do not realise that the troops in Darwin are as far from home as a Londoner would be in Cairo.

Darwin's only advantage is that the climate is trying for only half the year, instead of all the year round as it is in Malaya.

As soon as I returned I went to see Mr. Spender about conditions in Darwin, and asked him about the men's chief grievance—the fact that they are still on home service rates and conditions.

He pointed out that he had given several assurances that the men would "get a fair go."

What he did not realise until I explained it to him was that the men have not seen these assurances because newspapers are so scarce.

Important job

"I CAN assure you the men in Darwin are far from being forgotten," Mr. Spender told me.

"They are doing a job of vital importance to Australia and the Empire while they are there, though I can understand their restlessness to go overseas."

"I promised they would get a fair go, and they will. In the next few weeks I hope I shall be able to carry out my promise."

Mr. Spender agreed with me that it would be a good thing if he could visit the Darwin troops himself, but said it was a question of fitting the trip in with his duties in the War Cabinet.

The fact that they are not eligible for war medals or to be termed "returned soldiers" after the war weighs more heavily with the troops than the absence of deferred pay and the fact that they still have to pay income tax.

"The distinction between the service-in-Australia rates of pay and



FINE HUSKY TYPE of Darwin Battalion at work. A civilian gets £5 to £8 weekly for work he does for 5/- a day.

the overseas rates and privileges in Australia, notably Darwin, and seems reasonable at first glance," a senior officer in Darwin said.

"But closer examination suggests that there are several stations

Continued on page 4

This is why she is always so calm, cool, collected—



She chews healthful, delicious WRIGLEY'S daily to soothe her nerves and keep her mind on what she is doing. Washing day, kiddies' tantrums, unexpected guests—nothing unnerves her. Chewing WRIGLEY'S is Nature's way to strong, bright, healthy teeth. It removes the tiny food particles that lodge between the teeth, thus impeding decay. Besides, chewing WRIGLEY'S regularly is a splendid aid to your attractiveness.

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AUTP



ONE NURSE treats another for the inevitable sandfly bites of Darwin.



AT THE INTERCHURCH CLUB, one of the only two clubs where troops at Darwin can go for recreation during time off.

Troops in Darwin say they are forgotten ...

"BEFORE proceeding to these stations, troops have to make very definite business arrangements, have to plan for their families because there is

Continued from page 3

no possibility of returning at the end of each month or in two or three months as they can in most stations in other parts of Australia.

"They are a long way from home living under conditions which are far from being pleasant and denied many of the amenities of life, but still placed on the same basis as those serving in metropolitan areas.

"The solution is easy. If the Federal Government would put all troops serving in Darwin on the same basis—deferred pay, freedom from income tax, and grant them a war medal—all our troubles would vanish."

Lack of shipping space is blamed for inadequate supply of fresh fruit and vegetables and inadequate clothing.

The fresh fruit and vegetable problem will be solved when the army garden at Adelaide River and various company gardens planted by the men themselves start producing.

In the meantime, to make up vitamin deficiency the men have been issued with tomato juice, but huge supplies would be needed for it to be really effective, and in any case not all the men like it.

The suggestion has been made that vitamins in tablet form could be provided and would occupy much less transport space.

Nurses' grievances

THE nurses attached to the military hospital share many of the men's grievances.

"We gave up our 'X' numbers because we understood we were needed urgently in Darwin," one told us.

"The day we arrived we expected to go straight to a brand new hospital. But the hospital just didn't exist, and nobody knew what to do with us, so we were taken to the quarantine station where we were crowded into two rooms and a verandah for several days.

"The quarantine manager and his wife were very kind to us, but it was not a very auspicious beginning.

"Then we moved into a tin hut at the temporary hospital, which was quite luxurious compared to what happened next.

"The huts were needed for hospital patients, so we were moved into tents.

"They are beautiful, hand-made tents from India, but until we bought our own ground coverings our stretchers were placed on the bare sand, and we are still being devoured by sandflies, and frequently change snakes out.

"We have had to improvise furniture out of boxes to supplement meagre furnishings. We were issued with two sheets and one pillow-case which we launder ourselves, and fortunately this time of the year they are dry in time to put them back on our beds the same day.

"The tents are lit by hurricane lamps and we have to cross rough ground and two ditches to get to the hospital.

"We hadn't enough crockery or cutlery, and have had to supply these ourselves.

"We had no bath-towels, so the Red Cross kindly lent us one each, but these had to be recalled as they are supplied officially only for sick people.

"So we have to draw on the hospital towel supply and use the same towels as the patients, regardless of what they are suffering from.

"We haven't even as many facilities for our spare time as the men. The Salvation Army is our only haven in time off. We can go there for a cup of tea if we can get a lift to town in an army truck. No civilian women, so far, have entertained us.

"Conditions have improved a little lately. Matrons and seven sisters are in a cottage. They are very crowded, but they are away from the snakes and sandflies.

"Some sisters are housed in a tin hut, and the rest of us in tents. Now that the medical officers have moved into a house we have a tin hut as combined mess and recreation room.

"We have to do all our own washing and ironing, including our uniforms.

"After our day's work we have to parade for an hour at 4 p.m. and drill, taking it in turns to give the orders.

"We do not mind hardship. We expected it when we enlisted, but we do feel better provision could have been made for us."

When the building programme of both civil and military hospitals is completed it will provide more than adequate medical service and maximum comfort for staff and patients.

In the meantime, surely some effort could be made to give the nurses a little more comfort.

Excellent types

NO one could convince me that the men at Darwin are not as fine types as the men in Malaya, nor that their officers are any less able.

The readiness to discuss complaints is an indication of the restlessness and disappointment of the men.

Could not some special, co-operative effort be made to iron out the difficulties that have been created by the emergency situation in Darwin?

The services there are doing their best in this direction by holding a weekly conference between the heads of the Navy, Army, and Air Force.

Fuller use might be made of overland transport for building supplies, fresh food, clothing, tools, and spare parts, and a regular supply of newspapers.

Unemployed in other States might be moved there to speed up the huge building and road-making programme.

Comforts funds might make an extra effort to do more for the troops in Darwin without curtailing their work for troops overseas.

The Australian Women's Weekly in Battle Dress

IN common with every other newspaper in Australia, The Australian Women's Weekly has had a further cut imposed by the Commonwealth Government on its ration of newsprint.

This has reduced the number of pages in the paper, but we have not reduced the volume or quality of the reading matter. Adjustments in advertising and display have been made. As a result, you will find as much to read in the paper now as it has contained since the first newsprint ration cut was made shortly after the outbreak of the war.

Despite the cut in paper, the standard of The Australian Women's Weekly has been maintained.

Notwithstanding the enormous strain which the war has imposed, our London staff has been unremitting in its efforts to keep our readers informed of the news as it has happened.

Our Mary St. Claire has visited the headquarters of all Australian units in Britain. On one occasion she was bombed out of her flat, but next day was on the job as usual.

The regular service of fashion news and pictures has been heartening proof that Britain can "make it" as well as "take it."

Other special news assignments we have undertaken since the war have been the sending of Mrs. Adele Shelton Smith, our special reporter, and Mr. Wilfred (Bill) Brindle, our special photographer, to Malaya to provide first-hand information of how our troops are faring there.

On their return from Malaya we sent these two to Darwin, and you are now reading their accounts of our men in the north.

These are indications of how we are continuing with our policy of getting the best and latest news for Australian Women's Weekly readers.

Future issues will contain equally pleasant surprises in news, fiction, and features.

We are presenting The Australian Women's Weekly in battle dress and we feel confident you will like it as well as ever.

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note:

"Nocturne," in "Smith's," recently brought me between £5 and £6.

"Three serials returned me £16."

"For my last story, 'The Darling of Robert Town,' I received £5/15/6."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-; which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by M.J. and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/15/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/15/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'"

"I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships.' Tilly Falls Through, £4/0/-."

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FORBIDDEN THINGS

*Dramatic story of India's North-West Frontier,
and of a young British officer forced to a
desperate choice between conflicting loyalties.*

By
**DUDLEY
HOYS**

THE letter from home was full of petty, amiable gossip. Jill Rodway read it for the fourth time, dropped it on her lap, and smiled out at a scene that contrasted violently with the atmosphere of the letter.

Mountains, vast shale slopes, crags piling up to the very roof of the sky, and within ten yards of her the fort walls of baked mud bricks and timber. It took some believing. Less than six months back the North-West Frontier had been a mere vague and uninteresting name to her. What a lot marriage could do.

She laughed, and called: "Neville!" and then remembered that this was one of the forbidden things. The Army was the Army, and a lieutenant couldn't be called away from inspecting his Sikhs, or something, to hear items of village news.

So she picked up a pen, and started to reply to the letter, heading it with the address, Mazlit Fort. By the second page she was enthusiastically describing her life at the Fort:

... It's right up in the middle of nowhere, frightfully wild and desolate, and guards the point where two roads join. One leads up from battalion headquarters at Nisa, and the other from rail-head at Khoral. Aren't I getting quite military and technical? An officer and two platoons are sent up for a fortnight at a time to garrison the place. It's only recently they've allowed wives to accompany their husbands as far as this, because it's called a danger area, and the officer in charge is sort of on active service—though Neville says it's just a matter of routine.

The Sikhs are perfect lambs, tall and brown and graceful, and Jemadar Run Singh—the native officer under Neville—is quite adorable, with eyes like a St. Bernard.

Some of the officers' wives are a bit catty, but I expect that's because they've had too much hot weather. If I get like it, you must tell me off good and hard. Somehow I can't believe I ever will. That sounds cocky, doesn't it? But what I'm trying to get at is, no girl could be mean and unkind if she had Neville for a husband. (Daresay you think I'm getting sloppy now! I can't help it. I worship him so. He's frightfully generous and attentive, and arrogant in a nice, knightly fashion. Just think, I'd lived twenty-three whole years in the world before I met him! What a waste!)

I like the Colonel immensely. He's about forty-five, with a dent in his chin, and a bachelor. I'm sure he must have had an affair at some time, as now and again I've caught a sad, worried look in his eyes. Neville's a red-hot fan of his.

Your letter came up by the morning's ration party, escorted by an armored car. Aren't you flattered?

The letter completed, she looked about for a magazine she had been reading and failing to find it guessed that Neville was the culprit.

"Joseph!" she called, and the English-speaking Goanese bearer came in. "Joseph, have you seen a magazine anywhere—a blue cover?"

He shook his head. "I ask Rodway Sahib?"

"That's all right. It may be in his orderly-room, and I'm going that way."

She got up and strolled along a narrow passage towards the old Durbar Hall, once of importance in the troublous times of long ago, now descended to a place of storage for files of orders, odd equipment, and the minor business connected with the garrison. Where the passage curved a mirror had been hung up to provide more light, and she could not help pausing to consider her reflection. She was looking at a slim girl wearing a simple white frock, her violet eyes shining as if they had caught the gleams of her silky black hair.

"You purring little brute," she said, laughing at herself, and the laugh was slightly husky. No beauty treatment, she knew, could equal the effect of utter happiness, and that was here. Neville had changed her life from the ordinary, everyday existence of casual, chromium-plated modernity to something more old-fashioned and yet finer.

She tapped on the orderly-room door, and, getting no answer, walked in. On the table were some sheets of carbon copy orders. Near them stood an open attache case, with books and papers loosely stowed inside it.

Without another thought she sat down, and began to rummage among its contents for a magazine with a blue cover. From between some typed foolscap sheets there slipped out a photo half-wrapped in tissue-paper.

Wondering, she glanced at it, and in that moment turned white and still. The photo was of a very pretty woman of about 38, a Mrs. Enid Linfield; they had met on the voyage coming out to India. Across a corner of the photo was written "Eternal Love—Enid."

She stared and stared almost stupidly. It was unbelievable. Things like this happened to other wives. But it couldn't be happening to her.

Her hands kept turning the photo aimlessly. Clear thoughts refused to form in

her mind. They seemed afraid to assert themselves.

All she knew was the one urge to run to Neville and beg him to tell her it was some frightening joke, some idiotic mistake. To begin to imagine otherwise—

With that dazed look remaining on her face she dropped the photo back into the case, and walked out into the sunshine. Already she was remembering things—how often Neville had talked to Enid Linfield on the passage across—how several times they had broken up off abruptly when she had come up to them.

She must stop thinking like this. Less than six months married, and—she must find him at once and recover her sanity.

The Jemadar was crossing the far end of the courtyard. She hurried after him.

"Run Singh, where is Neville Sahib?"

Run Singh turned and saluted. Even in her troubles she was aware of a curious change in him. His St. Bernard eyes had a look of griefed anxiety.

"Mem-sahib," he said, in a low voice, "he is gone to Khoral."

"Gone to Khoral! But—how can he? Surely there are strict orders—?"

Unusually for the dignified Run Singh, he made a kind of supplicating gesture.

"It is so, Mem-sahib. I ventured to point out he should not leave, Neville Sahib said: 'You take charge.' A sharp dismay was in his voice. 'I am junior officer and cannot prevent. He ordered his horse and rode off very quickly.'"

"Did he say why he was going to Khoral?"

Run Singh shook his head unhappily, saluted, and walked on.

Jill stood there looking out bleakly at the Khoral road winding away between the rocks. This second shock almost overshadowed the first. Little as she knew about military affairs, she was perfectly well aware of the standing order that the officer in charge here was never to leave the fort except for riding exercise in the little valley to the south, which was under observation from the walls.

Had Neville lost his senses? If this came out, it would mean the end of his career—unless he had received special orders. But if he had he would have mentioned them. She had seen him reading two or three letters this morning, letters brought up by the ration party, but they had been private mail.

That brought a stab of memory, piercing as a knife thrust. The writing on one of those envelopes had been just like the writing on Enid Linfield's photo.

Inevitably she guessed the truth. Rail-head was at Khoral. Enid Linfield had written to say she was coming up to-day, and Neville had gone down to meet her. The fact that he had broken orders deliberately showed the depth of his infatuation.

"Come this way!" the
Colonel ordered Neville,
coldly.

Please turn to page 16

Meet my WIFE

Her husband, she decided,
took her far too much for
granted. So she dosed him
with his own medicine.

By
RUTH BURR SANBORN



Benice to him," Tuck said. "That's all I ask. I don't want you to go to a lot of trouble. I just want you to be nice to him."

"Is that all?" said Amie. She was brushing her teeth. She went on brushing them.

"That's all," said Tuck eagerly. "After all, it's only a week-end."

"It's only the week-end of our wedding anniversary."

"I'm sorry it happened like this," Tuck said reasonably. "But after all I didn't ask him to come. He's passing through. It's something to get hold of Bernard Cowie."

"You used to think it was something to get hold of me," said Amie.

"I still do," said Tuck. "I have got hold of you." He took hold of her elbows.

"Have you?" said Amie. "It isn't as if we had anything special planned."

"No," said Amie. "Just an evening to ourselves." Once it had been enough to sit on their own little sofa before their own fire, not talking, just being close to each other. Now they had to do something.

"We can celebrate next week," Tuck was saying. "We'll have another anniversary next year. We'll have one the year after. We had one last year."

"And what did we do?" asked Amie with a swift bitterness.

"I don't know," said Tuck. "What did we do?"

"We had tickets for a film premiere," said Amie deliberately. "We were going to supper afterwards, just the two of us, and to dance, and I had a new red dress. And then Vincent Henneker was in town, and I had to sit with him and you had to stand up, and afterwards he got drunk and put his foot through the hem of my dress and fell over backwards and bumped his head."

Tuck laughed. "After all," he said, "you knew I was a motor salesman when you married me."

"Yes," said Amie. "I thought you wanted to help me," Tuck said.

"I did," said Amie. "I do." She had not known then that it meant building their house and buying their clothes, planning their meals and

their time and their friends, shaping their lives to the shape of Magnificarts. She said: "Only I want a piece of you left for me."

He laughed indulgently. "It takes background to sell Magnificarts."

"And I'm the background," said Amie.

"That's the girl," he said cheerfully. He gave her a quick, light kiss, and let her go. "He's coming at noon."

"Who?" said Amie. "Bernard Cowie," said Tuck. She stood away from him then. A brightness like too much light overwhelmed her. She was not angry any more. She was frightened. For the first time she wondered if Tuck had kissed her—like that—to get his own way.

Suddenly then she knew that the moment was important. More important than Bernard Cowie. Or new business deals. Or the anniversary. It was important because Tuck had not understood. This was the mid-moment of their lives. In this moment began the future. Her mind was very clear.

"And what are your plans for him?" she said evenly.

Tuck beamed at her, his easy self again. "I thought we'd have a bite of lunch here," he said, "and then have some golf. There'll be a lot of Magnificarts parked round the club."

"Will he be on a diet?" said Amie.

"Cowie is young and healthy," Tuck said reprovingly. "I thought I'd ask Bemis and Todd and Sandringham and Peele to drop in later in the evening. They all drive Magnificarts. It's bound to come out. You won't have to do anything. You won't even have to come in."

"You'll want something to eat, won't you?"

"Just beer," said Tuck. "And perhaps some of those little cheese things."

"Those little cheese things take three hours to make."

"You don't have to make them yourself."

"You didn't like the ones Lucy made when Mr. Sparking was here."

"Why don't you get a new cook?"

"I've got a new cook," said Amie. "I've had seven new cooks in six

months. I can't find one to please the customers."

"Oh, all right," said Tuck. "Have what you like. About Sunday—probably Cowie won't get up for breakfast."

"Probably not," said Amie. "He'll have breakfast in bed."

"After breakfast," Tuck said "I thought we'd take the car and go somewhere. Performance, that's what I want him to see. Perhaps we'll go to Wewoonast and get in a spot of fishing. You'll like Cowie," he assured her. "They say he's a fine fellow. He's got everything; the sort of hard-bitten, world-weary type, I gather, reckless."

"He sounds fascinating."

Tuck put his fingers under her chin and tilted up her head. "He regarded her searchingly. "Look here," he said uneasily. "You will be nice to him, won't you?"

Her eyes met his squarely. "I'll be nice to him," she promised.

Amie was sitting in a big gold chair with one foot curled under her when Tuck came with Bernard Cowie.

"I feel ashamed," he said. "Bursting in on you like this."

"You're not very lucky to-day, are you?" Amie called across to Tuck.

cream-and-chromium model's just the thing for a lady. You see it's my wife's birthday."

"I see," said Amie. She flashed a swift glance across the table at Tuck. Tuck looked intelligent and friendly; not eager. She recognised it as his richest-customer expression.

"What do you think about it?" Cowie said to Amie.

"I should think any woman could drive one," Amie said.

"It isn't easy to find the right thing for Kit."

Amie saw that he had given Kit Cowie so many things that there was nothing new to give her. Suddenly, against all sense of justice, she was sorry. Something in the rueful turn of his mouth, it must have been, she pulled herself up sharply. Probably the car was a peace offering for some outstanding indiscretion. She rose abruptly, and the lunch was over.

She refused Cowie's invitation to go on with them to the club. She held Tuck back a moment at the door. "Was I nice enough?" she whispered.

"You're always nice," said Tuck absently. He kissed her abstractedly on the ear. "Good girl," he said.

"Keep it up."

"I will," she said grimly.

Amie was very nice to Bernard Cowie that night. At eleven she carried in the "little cheese things" and the beer. She was wearing a hostess gown that was inspired by an Indian sari. She carried amber glasses on a green lacquered tray.

Bernard Cowie jumped up to take them before Tuck could move. "I ought to make you stand and hold them," he said, "because you are so beautiful." Tuck was pleased. His pleasure annoyed Amie. Bernard Cowie munched a little cheese thing. "Good," he said.

"I made them," said Amie. She saw Tuck's brow bend down. Tuck never liked her to admit that she did any work heavier than arranging flowers. "Cooking is one of my little hobbies," she said.

* And Tuck's brow went back to normal.

"What are your other little hobbies?" Cowie asked.

"Customers," said Amie demurely. Tuck scowled outright. But Bernard Cowie laughed.

Amie made a move to go then. But Cowie caught her by the wrist. "Stay," he said. "You bring me luck."

Cowie was lucky that night. He won and won. Tuck was not lucky. He bent over his cards and stuck his elbows out. Once he made a mistake. It astonished Amie. She had never known Tuck to make a mistake before. He betrayed his annoyance. Amie had never known Tuck to betray anything. It struck her suddenly that Tuck looked tired.

"If you're tired, dear," she said when the others had gone, "you run along to bed. If the fire's too big to leave, Mr. Cowie and I will sit a while and watch it."

"Very kind of you," Tuck said.

The next morning Amie got up early on purpose to be nice to Bernard Cowie. She took the tray herself, with the Wedgwood breakfast set. She put it on his knees and perched on the end of the bed. She had on a pink bunny wrapper, and her hair was tied up with a pink ribbon and hung down on her shoulders. She looked very young and innocent. In the sharp morning light Bernard Cowie's face was haggard and haunted, slashed by deep lines—and oddly moving.

"Did you sleep well?" Amie asked.

"No," said Cowie.

"I'm sorry," said Amie. "The bed . . ."

"The bed was perfect," said Cowie. "I didn't sleep, that's all. I was thinking."

"Oh?" said Amie. "And what did you think about?"

"About you mostly. You're a sweet kid."

"I'm a scheming minx."

Please turn to page 26

Romantic short story



BRIEF RETURN

Continuing our splendid mystery serial

THE STORY SO FAR:

BASIL HOULT, after being supposedly dead for twelve months, returns one night and causes panic in the household composed of his wife **ALICE**, who has remarried, her sister, **JENNY SHORE**, and **MISS MARY CHACE**, who inherited Basil's home.

Later that night Basil is found dead in the grounds by Mary Chace, who sends for young **DR. TOM TUCKER**, and while awaiting his arrival yields to Jenny's plea to conceal the body and make no mention of Basil's return, which was unknown to neighbors, chief among whom were **ALASTAIR EVANS** and **RODNEY** and **CYNTHIA LOVEDAY**.

Tom upsets plans by noticing blood on Jenny's slipper, suspects something unusual, and on learning the story telephones for the police sergeant. Tom sends Jenny for Alice, who is staying in the house while her husband, **ROBERT BLAKE**, is on a business trip to America. Alice is not in her room.

SERGEANT WALTERS begins preliminary investigations and after his departure **COLLINS**, the watchman, reports to Mary.

NOW READ ON.

"GOOD morning, Miss Chace, Miss Jenny," said Collins before he was actually in the room. He was a short, fat man, with beaming, slightly protuberant blue eyes and an ingratiating, equally beaming smile up his sleeve, so to speak.

Not that he could have concealed anything up his sleeve for he wore a kind of uniform, dark blue like a policeman's, and it fitted him very tightly. He bobbed and smiled, and smiled and bobbed, and the gist of all that bobbing and smiling was apology.

We had had a murder and he, Collins, had not been on hand to protect us. He had learned of it only that morning at the post office; I gathered that the whole neighborhood was rocking with the thing. He couldn't understand how it had happened, for he was about on his usual constant rounds. It must have taken place while he was at the other end of his route. He hadn't heard the shot. He hadn't seen the police.

It went on at some length, growing more apologetic as neither Jenny nor I helped him, and winding up with a pathetic reference to a sick wife and child. I happened to know he was a bachelor. He did, however, in the end—and still trying to convince us that our interests were close to his heart and it was evil fate and not neglect that prevented him being on the spot the previous night—come out with a rather curious item. He had passed Tenacres at about twelve-thirty and had seen a man with a bag loom up in the glow of his car lights, cross the road just ahead of him, and enter the woods below Tenacres.

"Who?"

He didn't know; he was too far away to see clearly; he only saw that it was a man and he was carrying a bag.

"How big a bag?" said Jenny.

Collins was doubtful. "Not very big, not very small."

"Why didn't you follow him?"

He blinked and made more excuses. The fact emerged that he'd been either too lazy or too unsuspicious to investigate.

"You're certain it was a man?" I asked, thinking of Alice.

He was certain.

"You know most of the people round here. Haven't you any idea who it was?"

He burst into vehement negation. Too vehement. And there was a cold look behind those small blue eyes.

I said slowly: "You'd better tell the police."

The cold look deepened, but he said he would and at last went away.

"There was no man with a bag," said Jenny. "He's afraid you'll sack him and is giving you an exhibition of zeal."

"That or there was a man and he recognised him. In either case it is a good thing to let Sergeant Walters know."

"To distribute the suspicion?" asked Jenny and got up and stopped behind my chair and I think kissed the top of my head very lightly. I didn't tell her that it seemed to me there was something a little too bright and knowing in Collins' eyes and that he had made me, for no definable reason, a little uneasy. Yet by his own confession he had seen and heard nothing except a man with a bag an hour and a half before the murder, and even that was doubtful.

That was at nine o'clock and a few minutes later Cynthia came. Dropped in unexpectedly, bringing a book, which was unusual. She was dressed very handsomely in

Tom walked to the door. There in the garden was Alastair, talking earnestly to Jenny.

white with a green belt and sandals, and a very chic and youthful green sunbonnet thing with no crown, and she hadn't heard of the murder.

"But what has happened?" I heard her say. "Police everywhere! Is anything wrong, Joe? What is it?"

"Miss Mary is in the morning-room," said Joe and ushered her in.

"Good heavens, Miss Mary, what's happened? Where—"

"Jenny's in the garden," I told her. "Come in, Cynthia, sit down. We—you see, Basil came back last night."

She put her book on a table and

The morning light was full and clear upon her face. I watched it change—slowly, steadily lose its color and its blandness and become a pale grey mask, not at all beautiful, with lips that retained their smile except they became so stiff that they seemed to draw away from her square white teeth.

One large, strong hand went to her mouth, fumblingly; finally she whispered: "Dead? Do you mean—"

"I mean he was shot," I said crisply. "That's why the police are here."

"But—" said Cynthia and stopped. "No, it wasn't suicide. It—they say it was murder."

And just then Jenny came in from the garden, saw Cynthia and said: "Good heavens, Cynthia, are you ill?"

Awfully healthy people are so often terrified of death. Yet Cynthia had certainly had a year to get used to the idea of Basil's death. I said to Jenny: "I've just told her. Do you want a drink of water, Cynthia?"

The lipstick stood out like red cloth on her mouth. She said: "No. No, I'm all right. Murder—" The last word was a sort of gasp.

Well, it wasn't a pleasant thought to me, either, or to Jenny.

I said quickly: "I thought the village would be reeling with it by this time."

Her eyes blinked. "I—yes, I should think so. But no one—" She seemed to pull herself together; she leaned forward and said sharply: "What happened? Who killed him?"

"Nobody knows," I replied. "We found him last night. He'd been shot. He was down at the bridge."

"Who—" she began again.

"We don't know. Nobody knows," I repeated. "Jenny and I found him—"

She broke in: "Jenny and you," and glanced quickly round the room. "It must have been a shock to Alice."

"Alice doesn't know. She's gone," I said abruptly.

"Gone? Where?"

"To Robert," said Jenny at once. "She started last night before the murder happened. She—"

"To Robert! But if Basil's back she's not married to Robert."

Nobody had a reply to that; it opened vistas. I could see Cynthia becoming aware of them, and, tentatively, but with growing interest, exploring them.

Joe came to the door again, and Jenny, who'd been standing with her back to us pretending to look out of the window and twisting the cord of the venetian blind, turned round abruptly.

"It's the police sergeant again, Miss Mary," Joe said. "And Dr. Tucker."

Cynthia gave Joe a startled look and shrank back in her chair, and Jenny must have simply walked out into the garden, for when Tom and Walters came into the room she had vanished.

They both looked very sober and a little haggard and tired from being up all night. Behind them were two constables, one with a notebook. I believe I said good morning and asked them to sit down, and I remember Joe pushing forward chairs and Cynthia taking one on the opposite side of the room, her back against the light now and the bonnet-like brim of her hat (if you could call it that) casting a shadow on her face.

They came straight to the point. Had we had any word of Alice?

"No. We cabled to her husband, but haven't yet had a reply. Have you any clues to the murderer?"

Walters lifted his eyebrows a little and Tom said quickly that they hadn't exactly and that he had cabled Robert, too, but had had no answer.

"Collins has been," I said. "The watchman, you know—"

Please turn to page 28

By MIGNON G. EBERHART

sat down opposite me with composure, but exclaimed: "Basil back! Impossible!"

"You hadn't heard?"

Her fingers became quite still on the chair arms. "No. No, of course not! It doesn't seem possible."

"Yes, that's what I thought. However—" I put down my pen and turned round in my chair. "However, Basil came back last night; he wasn't dead at all." She looked straight back at me, eyes wide and shining in her lovely face, crimson lips smiling a little. "He wasn't dead at all," I repeated slowly, "but he is dead now."



One boy in that anxious crowd gazed at Matty as searchlights raced across the sky.

SHE tried to rehearse to herself what she would say to Roger. It wasn't easy. The choir and congregation were shouting, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," with such zest.

She knew that when the moment came and he looked at her with those clear, tawny eyes, the hurt of a wound, still bleeding and poisonous, would drive her out of all her carefully prepared defences. Even now she could feel her courage wavering.

This time next week, she thought. And had a vision of grey, menacing seas, and of a ship, one of many, driving eastward, farther and farther from her.

She looked about her. The village church was familiar, yet alien. Here, beside her, Gerald had stood on that last Sunday. The vicar had chosen "For those in peril of the Sea" for the final hymn, and she had felt the congregation draw closer about them, trying to shelter them with awkward love.

Gerald had smiled down at her. "Tails up, darling!" he had whispered. "Tails up!" When Roger looked at her, she saw Gerald's eyes again.

Yes, the wound was infected. It tainted her blood with bitterness against the things Gerald had loved—because he had died for them.

She hated this squat Norman church, built to endure for the eternity of which their builders had dreamed strange dreams. She hated the marble tablets that told the story of her husband's and her son's race. She hated even the people around her.

They were farmers, for the most part. The arm-bands on their sleeves showed them to be fighters for the land they tilled. Outside, on the church porch, they had stacked their rifles. There was only one man left in the choir—Parsons,

the grocer's eldest son, home on leave.

Yes, she hated them all because they made her laugh with tears in her eyes; because they took death, that had blasted her life, in their stride; but most of all because Gerald had belonged to them more than to her. And Roger was Gerald's son.

She glanced down at him. He was singing, too, at the top of his clear, passionless treble. She wondered about him. What did a nine-year-old boy think these terrible days?

Perhaps if he had been wholly hers she would have known. But he was part Gerald—the part that was this church, this people; the part that had always eluded her.

When she had told Roger of his father's death he had said nothing. He had not cried. He had simply turned and left her. But the official telegram was missing from her desk, and later she had found it among Roger's collection of odd treasures—stamps and birds' eggs and mechanical fragments—like a secret talkman.

The crimson light, slanting through the west window, illuminated the newest of the marble tablets: "To the glory of God and in proud and loving memory of John

Delaney, R.N., who was killed in action at the Battle of Jutland." One day soon, she thought bitterly, there would be another tablet, also to the glory of God and in memory of one Gerald Delaney, lost at sea in fulfilment of his duty.

"Ah-men!" Roger shouted defiantly.

He fixed Snooty Edwards, the choir leader, with a derisive stare. Snooty had been off key twice, and even Mr. Carstairs, the vicar, had made a face. When he, Roger, had led the choir such a thing had never happened. But then he had been sent away to the swank preparatory school for Eton. So of course Snooty had taken his place, and the choir had gone to pot.

By I. A. R. WYLIE

Across the aisle, through the stone lacework of the Early English Lady chapel, Roger had caught a glimpse of the first recorded Roger—one Roger de Lane, a stern-visaged, armored gentleman who had lost his life at Agincourt.

Suddenly Roger knew that the old chap had been a boy once and had stood where Roger was standing. Perhaps on his last day, before he had set sail, he had knelt before the altar like the young knight in

the picture, keeping his vigil—as Grandfather John might have prayed, and perhaps even Roger's shy, laughing father.

Roger's thoughts had jerked to a standstill. He wasn't thinking any more—just feeling. He wasn't only himself. He was the dead warrior across the aisle and all the dim unknown men who had gone before him. He was his grandfather and his father and the Norman tower and the worn flagstones. They were all melted together, part of each other—forever.

An aeroplane droned overhead. The vicar, standing with his hand raised in final blessing, paused to listen. Then the drone faded into the distance. They knew that for a moment friendly wings had covered them with a protective shadow. "And the blessing of God Almighty . . . be with you now and forever more."

The congregation drifted out into the aisles. Outside in the summer evening sunlight they exchanged greetings.

The vicar's wife talked with Roger's mother. She looked at Roger sorrowfully and curiously, as though he had become strange to her. "We can't help being glad you're staying with us, Mrs. Delaney. I don't know what we'd do without

you, especially the Women's Institute."

Roger drew out of range behind one of the tombstones, waiting for Snooty. He had something big to tell Snooty. It was about the Village Cricket Eleven. Roger's father had been captain of the First Eleven—the grownups—and he'd wanted Roger to get on the Second Eleven and one day take Snooty's place as captain and help knock the spots off their rivals at Further Dinings.

Almost the last thing he'd said had been about the Eleven. "You polish up that overhand of yours, old man, and Snooty will have to put you in." And all this term Roger had polished and polished, till his right arm ached and he got the middle stump five times out of ten. Telling Snooty had been one of the things he'd looked forward to.

When Snooty came out with his red face shining like an apple, his eyes were queer. They glanced at Roger quickly and then turned away as though they did not want to look at him.

"Hello, Snooty!"

"Oh, hello, Rog."

The rest of the choir drifted out and milled round.

"Had any raids?" Snooty asked.

Roger wanted to lie, but everyone knew that his school was stuck away on a moor, miles from any hope of trouble. "Not yet. But old Waring, our headmaster, says they may come any day."

"We've had three," Snooty boasted. "A bomb fell in one of father's fields. It made a hole big enough for a swimming-pool."

"Oh." Roger scuffed his toe against a tombstone. He almost kicked it. "I've been put on the Second Eleven," he burst out suddenly. "I mean, the Second Eleven."

"Top-hole," Snooty said politely.

Please turn to page 24

FASHION PORTFOLIO

July 12, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

9

The BRIDE and her MAID in WARTIME

Clever harmony
for simple
weddings



● A lovely young bride in pastel dusty-mauve belted jacket suit done in the finest woollen with swinging skirt and jacket featuring bloused top and peplum with stitched unpressed pleats. Fine linen and lace for the blouse beneath with frilly cravat at the neck, and the hat is just a clump of flowers with the finest green veiling. (Above.) The bridesmaid behind her wears a green wool suit, which repeats the attractive peplum effect.

□ □ □ □

● This lass goes to the altar looking a dream in a stunningly fitted coat of soft blue-green wool encrusted with braid embroidery and a matching hat freighted with pink flowers. (Right.) Her bridesmaid chooses a slender coat in violet-blue wool with same braid embroidery. (Far right.)

● Designed for a bride who adores tailoreds — a jacket frock in fragile ice-blue angora. The jacket is made with very loose sleeves and is worn over a skirt featuring front fullness. With it a tiny blue halo and matching veil. (Above.) The bridesmaid provides a charming contrast with her swing-skirted frock of dusty-pink wool, with white revers and flower buttons. (Above left.)

FASHION SHOW

. . . in South America

ENGLAND has made a dramatic bid to capture the affluent fashion markets of South America. Here are some of the glamorous models she sent to Buenos Aires for one of the biggest fashion festivals in history.



● LACHASSE designed this superbly casual coat of white flannel cut with squared shoulders and pepped up with large beaver revers and box-lid pockets. White kid gloves and shoes and a forward-tilted felt hat.



● WORTH selects a hectic plaid in amber, grey, brown, and green for this trimly-tailored tweed suit with large matching handbag.



● WORTH succumbs to evening glamor with this model of heavy slipper satin with skirt fullness shooting out from two pockets of gold braid studded with sky-blue sequins.



● DIGBY MOR-TON sobers a vivid tweed suit with a chunky jacket in navy fur fabric. The suit is a blending of green, yellow, and red, with cardigan jacket and sewn-down revers.



● PAQUIN created this simple evening frock of sheer linen in a sunburst pattern—white on rose-pink—belted in gold kid, with sunbursts of the kid at the waist. (Right.)

It's the Fashion

TO WEAR

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For the daily round . . . KAYSER
Stockings! Sturdy "Twyn-Sylks"
for work and sports. Elegant Mir-o-
Kleer Sheers to accompany afternoon
frocks. On the dance-floor go grand
in Kayser Super Sheers. "Twyn-
Sylks" from 4/11. Mir-o-kleer
Sheers and Super Sheers 5/11 to 9/11.

Said the driver, "Pray pardon the puddle,
"And the mess and the mud and the muddle,
"But your ankles so slim
"In those Kayser's so trim
"Put my head in a whirl and a fuddle!"

IF THEY FIT THE ANKLE WITHOUT A WRINKLE... THEY'RE KAYSER

Definitely I'm a ONE BRAND woman now... I insist on KAYSER

Classic sports clothes

Casual, flattering styles designed in New York for those precious leisure hours.

Sketched by PETROV



• 1. Long-sleeved, tailored white playsuit for tennis, topped by a candy-striped pinafore that buttons childishly down the back.

• 2. Printed sheer wool shirtwaist frock bisected by wide, plain, horizontal bands. The skirt band forms unusual pockets.

• 3. Dark green gabardine suit with boxy, hooded jacket lined in curly lambskin and contrasted with a plain blouse in scarlet wool jersey.

• 4. Pleated skirt in bright wool plaid worn with scarlet jersey blouse and plain, hip-length bolero in thick grey brushed wool.



• 5. Slim, tailored slacksuit in grey sharkskin with long tunic top featuring lime-green yoke and sleeves. Crushed gathers ease it at the waist.

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
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Fashion PATTERNS



F1916

F1191



F1807



F1354

F1755

F1916.—Distinctive evening gown with delicate lace bodice and sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 6yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. lace. Pattern, 1/10.

F1191.—Perfectly tailored slip with uplift bustline. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1807.—Trim tailleur with cleverly shaped jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1354.—Smart bolero style with flattering skirt for the not-so-slim. 38 to 44 bust. Material required: 3½yds. for frock and 2½yds. for bolero, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1755.—Clever new afternoon frock with unusual treatment of pleats. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ¾yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3241.—Simple, high-waisted frock with bracelet-length sleeves and full skirt 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2135.—Youthful boxy jacket which teams perfectly with plain frocks. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Welcome parties . . .

LATE arrival of flying boat with Chief Comforts Fund Commissioner Goward returning from Middle East upsets his family's welcome-home party. He gets here next day just in time for the C. R. McKerihans' dinner and Lord Mayor Crick's informal reception at Town Hall.

At Town Hall party I find Mrs. Goward's daughter, Mrs. Jim Harding, and Nancy Calder, both wearing identical tiny marcasite elephants, which Colonel Goward brought back for them . . . with many messages from Lieut. Harry Macdonnell Scott (Mrs. Harding's brother and Nancy's fiancé), who was wounded in Greece.

Mrs. Goward tells me another party listed for her husband soon after his arrival is grandson Timothy Harding's third birthday. Small Tim possesses fascinating array of medals brought home by "Grandpa." Too big to include in the Colonel's luggage was some lovely brocade, which is on its way by sea for Mrs. Goward.

Please Note: Most important comforts for A.I.F. abroad are tobacco and cigarettes. So says Colonel Goward.

To wed in Brisbane . . .

HEAR that wedding of pretty Brisbane girl Lloyd Jones and tall, Sydney Lieutenant Tony Rabett, who have just announced engagement, takes place in Brisbane when Tony gets his next leave. Elizabeth Rabett goes north to be bridesmaid.

No isolationists . . .

NOT an isolationist anywhere at American Carnival Ball . . . but much evidence of "hands across the sea" and all that. John Bull and Uncle Sam flanked either side of bandstand, ships and bombers passing between them.

Trocadero foyer transformed into street fair. Doughnut stall does marvellous trade. Madame Pao buys entire stock of apples-on-stick for guests.

Jitterbug exhibition wildly applauded. Everyone rushes for front-stalls view until band leader announces "Anyone in enclosure must enter contest" . . . and I spy Lady Davidson and Mrs. Roy Buckland make hurried withdrawal.

Seems as if entire American community there . . . Consul-General Ely Palmer, Charlie Browns, George Applegates, Park Bryans, H. C. Steiners, Chick Bouvets. Notice also Lady Julius, Lynn and Joyce Vickery, Gilbert Prattens, J. L. Ruthvens, Colin Wyatts, Mrs. Reg Bettington.

To Mt. Buffalo . . .

SEEMS pity to miss seeing beautiful Barbara Dare dressed in full bridal array for her own wedding after getting idea how lovely she looks in same role at mannequin parades . . . but this is war time! For wedding to Russell Catts, at St. Mark's, Barbara chooses snow-blue romaine frock, matching coat with beige fox collar, swathed blue toque.

They plan honeymoon at Mt. Buffalo before Russell is called up for Air Force duties.

Only families at ceremony, then 100 guests for cocktails and dancing at Redleaf. One absentee is bride's brother-in-law, Barry Blundell, who sent cheerful news from Tobruk. Rita Swan, Elizabeth Watson, and Josephine Loneragan, who hosted at spinsters' dinner, Joan Peacock, Kath Menzies among guests.

Hat tricks . . .

SIMPLY amazing the difference a hat makes. French hat, I mean. Drop in to Free French Ball at Prince's, where there's a competition for "gala dressed heads." Rather imagined it had something to do with the Christmas turkey, but find it offers much more scope.

George Falkner marvellous as Napoleon, complete with lock of hair pasted on his forehead. Andre Brenac quite disguised by luxuriant beard and plumed hat. "I'm Henry IV," says he, and looks the part.

Not much fun being a queen of French Court, says Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones . . . her cone-shaped headgear almost yard high. "No good for getting in and out of taxis." But it's most decorative.

Complete contrast are doll-like models perched atop coiffures of Lady Mostyn and Mrs. E. J. Watt.

Mrs. Reg Bettington and Mrs. W. Kerr both hard to recognise in white wigs. Flo Mackay Sim, pencil-slim in cherry crepe, wears black halo showing demure white edging. Nola Dekyvere excellent as "Spirit of Bal Tabarin" in frothy-pink lace frock and soaring bonnet.

Star sapphire . . .

LOVELY star sapphire surrounded with diamonds is engagement ring presented to Barbara Florance, of Temora, by Flight-Lieut. John Mitchell. Barbara met her fiancé not long ago, when he was stationed at Cootamundra . . . he is now at Mount Gambier, where they will live after September wedding.

Barbara's Sydney friends will have opportunity of offering felicitations this week. She arrives Wednesday for few days in town.

Chiffon and pearls . . .

NO pre-wedding parties for Jean Gillespie . . . doctor's orders. Jean gets tonsillitis just before she and Lieut. Stuart Ward announce engagement.

Wedding is arranged to take place week after engagement announced. Bride manages to get made in that time her lovely white chiffon bridal gown encrusted with pearls. Bridesmaid Rosemary Wright arrives from Melbourne day before wedding and brings her tailored white crepe frock.

Also from Melbourne come Rosemary's parents, Colonel and Mrs. F. H. Wright, Mrs. Archie Thompson, and Mrs. W. M. Henderson, aunt of bride.

Invitations sent to 150 . . . St. Stephen's ceremony, Australia Hotel reception. Youthful guests include Mrs. Ralph Smith, Pam Roberts, Wendy Yates, June Chamberlain, Lesley Turner, Joan Waterhouse, Stephanie Day, Cecile Weston.

Attractive bride is only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Gillespie, of Wahroonga. Sir Robert knighted last month in Birthday Honors.

Heard around town . . .

HUGH GIBLIN was among large crowd at W.A.N.S. recruiting rally at Double Bay theatre.

House-sharing at Bowral are Mrs. Francis Fogarty and Mrs. F. E. Kedge. Accompanied by children Michael, Elizabeth, and Peter Fogarty, and Judith and Jeremy Kedge, who are dally riding around district.



• JANE STEWART and Clare Sears hard at work buttering freshly-made scones for afternoon tea at Red Cross Cafe, George Street.



• STRIKING headdress adorned Mrs. Laurie Moxham's coiffure at Free French Ball, Prince's. Roy Muir, of Singapore, dons Latin Quarter student's velvet cap.



• TETE-A-TETE. Mrs. Jim Harding and Nancy Calder at party given by the Lord Mayor (Alderman Crick) at Town Hall to welcome Comforts Commissioner Lieut.-Colonel Goward.



• SINGAPORE visitors Mr. and Mrs. Merton Brown agree with Ailsa Lonsdale (centre) that "Sydney's best place for holiday." At Romano's.



• SPORTING beard he grew "somewhere in Middle East" Eric Sturman is outstanding figure around town. Photographed at Prince's with Mrs. Neville Manning.



• "ROLL UP, roll up!" Percy Du Mar (left) and Maurice Samuels, dressed as gay gentlemen of the 'nineties, assist "cowgirl" Betty O'Donoghue at American Carnival Ball chocolate wheel.



• FLOWERS for sale. Mrs. R. T. C. Storey (left) and Mrs. Mervyn Finlay sell blooms from Mrs. Finlay's garden at Y.W.C.A. Services Appeal card party.



• SUPPER TWOSOME. Flight-Lieut. Geoffrey Hagarty escorts pretty Joyce Stevenson to Romano's.

An Editorial

JULY 12, 1941

SELFISH PANIC BUYING



essential goods.

Such selfishness at this time of emergency is undoubtedly hurtful to the national effort.

This is an all-in war in which no section of the community can be allowed to be snug and warm while another feels the cold.

The woman with money to spare who uses that money to hoard unnecessary stocks of blankets, knitting wool, dress lengths, and so on, may prevent a basic-wage family from buying immediate needs the next week.

Selfish panic buying can easily so deplete warehouse stocks as to cause an artificial shortage and much needless misery.

This great country produces all and more of what its citizens need to keep them clothed and warm.

Only panic buying can create a shortage.

The mills and looms now busy with military needs can be switched from time to time to civilian necessities as the army orders are filled.

Nobody need go cold in Australia unless the panic greed of the few is allowed to go unchecked.

Profiteering became the ugliest word in the language after the last Great War, so that the first cry when this war came was that none should be allowed to profit from the new sorrows of the world.

There are many ways of profiteering, and hoarding is one of them.

Women who are tempted to overstock on lines needed now by others should loyally resist yielding to a buying panic of which they are certain to be ashamed later.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

Winnie the War Winner



"Could you play Beethoven's 'Minuet'?"

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of, or extracts from, letters. A minimum payment of 5/- will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Ordinary-Seaman Jack Gray to his sister Evelyn at Chatswood, Sydney:

"I SUPPOSE you heard of our bit of bad luck when our ship was sunk. I lost everything I possessed with the exception of my money belt, 61d., and my lifebelt. All my money was in my case.

"You can imagine what we looked like when being landed from our rescue ship! But considering the damage inflicted on the enemy we don't feel so bad about it. The action was great while it lasted. The gunnery of our ships was wonderful.

"Our gun crews kept on firing until they were washed off the guns.

"Three other chaps and myself were down in the foremost magazine and our guns were last to fire. When the ship heeled over we had to climb out and crawl along the walls of the passages.

"The lights were out, to make it worse. We eventually got out and managed to cut off a rafter and push it into the water before the ship sank.

"Gosh, the water was cold! We were picked up after half an hour in the rough sea. I don't mind admitting I didn't think much of my chances of surviving when the ship started to heel over, and we were right below, but it must have been my lucky day."

Private F. R. Day in Malaya to his father, L. L. Day, at Preston, Vic.:

"JUST a note from a baker to a baker. It's a job and a half over here. I wouldn't have missed it for quids.

"We do about 32 bags a night in five-bag batches. There are three dough-makers.

"We sweat like billyo, not because it's hard work—it's only the humidity. We have four Baker-Perkins ovens. They hold 24 sheets each.

"We have a corker board, about 10 by 25 feet, with 32 drawers. There are racks to take it to the oven.

"We get the yeast from Sydney, and when we get it it's just a frozen lump like a piece of wood. The flour is Canadian and Australian."

Sister Margaret Mullane in Palestine to Mrs. A. McDougall, at Coogee, Wandoan, Qld.:

"MATRON and I are learning Arabic. A little girl in the village gives us lessons. We go to her house every afternoon. It is the tiniest little place.

"All the family and relations come into the house and jabber in Arabic. I'm sure it is always about us, because every now and then one will touch our dresses or perhaps our stockings.

"The worst part is that they always want us to drink the most frightful lemonade or coffee and smoke Egyptian cigarettes.

"The other afternoon we were walking along the street and thought we would try out our Arabic on the kids, so we spoke in Arabic, and they replied, 'He don't speak English.'

"Wouldn't that sock you!"

A leading-aircraftman in the R.A.A.F. in England to a friend in Brighton, Vic.:

"THERE is no need for anxiety about me. I feel very safe here. Enemy aircraft seem to be reluctant to engage us in combat, and even fighters sometimes keep their distance.

"We have experienced over a hundred air raids, but none of them has worried us much. The one which inconvenienced us most occurred recently and lasted from 9.30 p.m. until 4.30 a.m.

"Owing to the cessation of all transport I had to remain the seven hours behind a stone wall watching incendiary and high-explosive bombs exploding. Around me I could hear the metallic clanging of anti-aircraft shrapnel falling on the stone roads and pavements.

"Some of the recent air raids have been real thrillers. They were worth travelling the distance from Australia to see. Back home I have paid good money to see motor races, etc., that have not thrilled me half as much.

"This week an enemy air bomber after being attacked by a Spitfire left a trail over a nearby town and out to sea. I don't think he went far on his way home!

"I have been as close as twenty yards to a bomb explosion and never want to be any closer.

"Recently we dug out an unexploded German one. A navy lad very gamely removed the fuse.

"During the process we were all feeling a little bit nervous. While one particularly dangerous component was being removed, and all were very tense and quiet, one of the lads crept up behind us and dropped a kerosene tin containing cartridge-cases. It fell with a loud bang, and did we jump!"

Private R. Halyburton in Libya sent this recipe to The Australian Women's Weekly:

"AS I am a cook I always read the recipe pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, and I can assure you that I have found a lot of useful hints in them from time to time.

"I have a nice little kitchen over in Libya in an abandoned Italian home. Also working for me are five Italian prisoners, one of them being a cook.

"He has shown me a lot of Italian ways of cooking food. Some are very good. This one is called rice pancakes, and, my word, don't our boys love them!

"I have worked out quantities to suit the average home.

"Take three to four cups of boiled rice, 1 pint of milk, 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 cup of sugar, 2 1/2 cups of self-raising flour, mixing all to a thick batter. Shape into rissole size and fry in olive oil or good clean dripping till a nice brown.

"When cooked, sprinkle with sugar and serve with golden syrup."

Private L. A. Smith in Tobruk to Mrs. Brinkworth, 17 Kensington Rd., Norwood, S.A.:

"I SHALL never forget the first time under fire. It was our first day in the trenches and we had been given our first mail for six weeks.

"We were all busy reading. I had some papers and six letters and a hole just deep enough to shelter in when over came Jerry planes and machine-gunned us.

"We all lay on our backs and shot at him with our rifles. None of us was hit, but Jerry lost two planes. That night we were shelled and have been every night since.

"I had a close shave the other day. As a rule you can hear the shells whistle. This one was sizzing and it landed a couple of yards behind me.

"Luckily it was a dud shell.

"We had rather a hot time this morning. Our company went out at daybreak and got 780 prisoners.

"Jerry was a bit annoyed and came over later and machine-gunned us. All I got was a hole through my coat and the bullet hit my steel mirror, which I always keep in my left pocket."

Fourth-Engineer Charles H. Dunn serving with the Royal Navy to his mother, Mrs. S. Dunn, 2 Jones St., Concord, Sydney:

"WHAT a time we shall have when I come home.

"I shall have plenty of money, and I will take Dad and you down to Tuggerah for a couple of weeks, and we shall stop at the biggest boarding-house there is.

"How do you think you will like that?

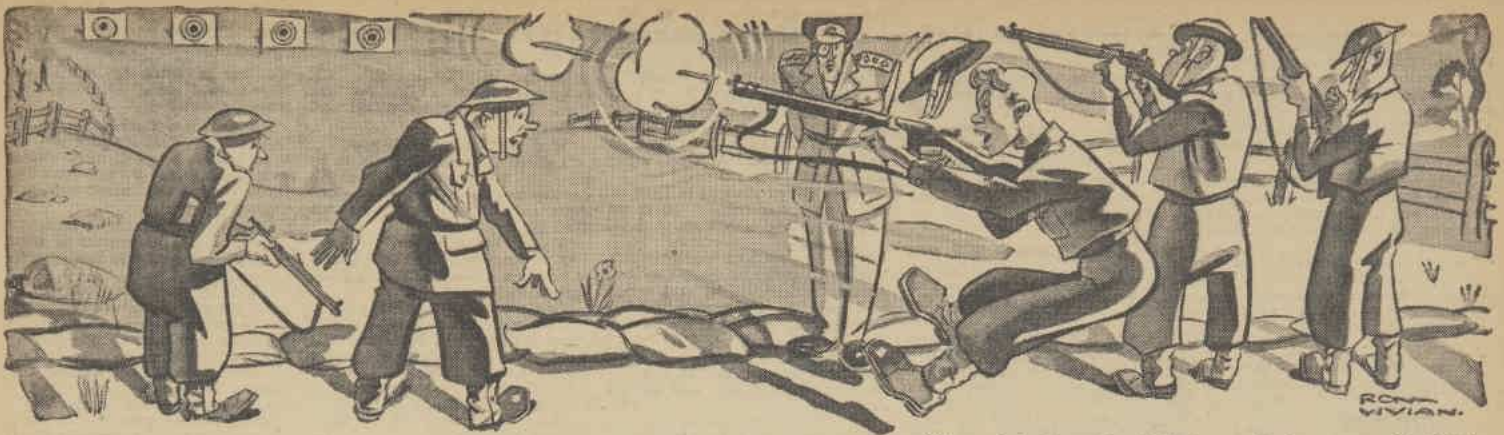
"We had a couple of nasty experiences, but I can tell you about them now. I don't worry when we are in a tight spot. I always think of what is on the little boomerang you sent me: 'I go to return,' and I always wear it on a little chain around my neck.

"I received a lot of Women's Weeklys and other papers from you to-day, and it makes me really homesick to read all about home.

"The papers are very popular with the rest of the chaps on board, and they are always round in my cabin looking at them, especially the Women's Weekly."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP





It isn't done now to "shoot at the whites of their eyes"

The six o'clock theory as applied to modern war

Dear Mother,—I have got another 48 hours off duty on account of another vaccination only this time they called it inoculation.

I don't know what it's supposed to be good for, they don't tell you much in the army that's a fact, but if they're going to stick a needle in me for every disease in the medicine directory I shall look like a blinking pincushion before the end of the war.

SOME of the old soldiers what have been way out east say this is nothing to what you get when you get a bad dose of malaria. One bloke said he had a needle stuck in his buttox twice every day for six weeks and he still feels it when he sets down on damp grass.

I see by the papers that it takes a thousand bullets to croak one soldier and then they talk about a cat having nine lives. If you ask me you're safer under fire than you are

Dear Mother

Being the letters home of a soldier son.

By DOUGLAS COMPTON-JAMES

crossing the road even with a petrol ration. Course there's a certain amount of chance about it, after all how is a bullet to know whether it's the first or the thousandth on your list.

I showed the newspaper cutting to our musketry sergeant and he said one Nasty for about 1,000 rounds of ammunition would be about right for perked the Nasty stood still. Well it's something to know I'm not below average.

Still if it takes 1,000 rounds to croak a Nasty why don't they provide us with tommy-guns like the American police and gangsters get issued with.

I ain't very clever at mathematics but it seems to me if you got a gun what fires ten times as fast as a rifle you can shoot your thousand bullets ten times as fast and croak ten Nasties not one, always provided there is ten Nasties to shoot at.

What I'm leading up to is that we been firing a course which is a kind of exam in rifle shooting. I was hoping mebbe I'd get the crossed guns on my sleeve, that means you're a marksman and a bit of extra pay enough for half-a-plut of beer.

However, that was only a dream. I ain't no marksman and mebbe I am not sorry because marksmen get made into snipers and I have since learnt that if only taken about 2½ bullets to croak one sniper which is mebbe why they call 'em dead shots. So the difference between a dead shot and a dud shot is 997½ bullets which is worth thinking about.

Needless kick

SO it came out when the result of the exam is announced that I am a third-class shot which means I might be able to hit a bull if it was the kind that lives in a field.

Well, third-class shot ain't so bad when you consider that army rifles don't stop still when you pull the trigger. At first I thought it was my nerves making me jump but aperiently the army rifle has what is known as a kick.

Strikes me that's a bit out of date, after all you can get seedless oranges anywhere and they've taken most of the kick out of beer so why leave it in a rifle where it ain't wanted and only makes you shoot crooked.

In addition to which I had shocking bad luck, my first shot scored a bull on Sid's target and do you think he would change places with me, no he wouldn't.

I soon found out why I kept hitting Sid's target, there was a strong wind blowing across the links, and you can Christmas-Eve it or not but the wind blew the bullets crooked, you'd think they'd make 'em a bit heavier.

Now I come to think of it I remember the musketry sergeant started to tell us about wind allowance once but I took a nap during that bit thinking it was only theoretical you know something like Einstein and his relatives. I certainly never dreamed nothing, let alone a puff of wind, could make me score a bull on Sid's target.

I don't see how they expect you

"The wind blew the bullets crooked . . . you'd think they'd make 'em a bit heavier."

to shoot at all when there's a gale of wind blowing. Blime, I tried aiming at the target of the bloke on my right but just as I pulled the trigger the wind dropped for a second and blowed if I didn't score a bull for him too.

There's another thing I found out since the exam, the sergeant is always talking about six o'clock, and naturally I thought it meant most of the shooting was done in the morning and evening but it seems he meant firing at six o'clock is shooting at the bottom of the bull, the place where six o'clock would be if it was a clockface which it ain't so what do they have to go and make it more difficult for I don't know.

Anyway, it don't sound right to me. If the bull was a man, shooting at six o'clock would be aiming

at his feet anytime of the day unless he was still in bed and don't you think we've had too much kid-glove stuff fighting the Nasties already. Besides everybody knows that the famous general in charge of the Light Brigade said shoot at the whites of their eyes, so what's a feller to do.

Anyway I mean to study this six o'clock theory in my spare time. I got plenty now being still broke and not having received my postal order from you, what's up ain't the old man working?

Well I will close now hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present.

Yours *Willie*

Another letter from Private Willie next week.

Damp-set YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO THRILLING WAVES AND CURLS!

Hollywood stars were quick to seize on the amazing damp-setting technique. Now, with VELMOL, you can damp-set your hair in thrilling waves and curls—whenever you like! Takes but four minutes to do . . . in these THREE EASY STEPS: 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Then arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you wish.

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Style by Norman Flaherty

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



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MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.

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REALISATION

of the thing seemed to choke the breath in her throat. In a groping way she walked back to her room. For the first time the isolation of the place came down on her. There was nobody to turn to, nobody to help.

There was a shout from the sentry at the main gate. It penetrated her numbness. She saw the guard hurrying out, their accoutrements rattling.

"Present—arms!" ordered the naik. That jolted her into the knowledge of crisis. Accompanied by an orderly, the Colonel was riding into the fort.

Colonel Warwick smiled and dismounted. "Good morning, Mrs. Rodway. Found it boring here yet?" "No," she said, and was surprised to find that under her sense of despair lay a curious calmness. Somehow she had got to prevent him from finding out about Neville's absence. For the moment nothing else mattered.

The Colonel, who had a lean, thoughtful face and iron-grey hair, looked admiringly at her slender youthfulness. "You remind me of spring in England." He waved his riding-crop. "This background is all wrong for you."

"It's impressive, and beautiful in a way."

"Give me Devon—and a long drink," he added, laughing. He walked with her into the main room, and she called Joseph.

"Will supplies run to a John Collins?" asked the Colonel.

"Of course." She gave the bearer the order and he scurried away.

"A cigarette, Colonel?"

"Thank you, my dear." As he lit it he said: "Do you mind my calling you that? You're so very young, and I take a proprietary interest in you." His eyes were kind and humorous. "You see, I was on short leave—few home—when your husband came down to Devon to get my permission to marry. I expect you know that?"

She nodded. "You gave him permission, without seeing me."

"Because I trust that young man's judgment. I'll flatter him behind his back. He's an excellent soldier, Mrs. Rodway, and a really fine youngster." He smiled wisely. "Expect you know that, too."

"Yes," she said, forcing herself to sound normal.

"I had a spare day, and took the chance to make a routine inspection up here. No hurry. This tastes good." He sipped his drink and lounged back in the basket chair. "Like India?"

"I think so. It's all utterly different from home."

"Yes. Color and pomp and circumstance. Fascinating, and scaring sometimes. It has its good points and its bad. Like everywhere else. And like everybody else."

He put down his glass. "Expect Run Singh has told your husband I'm here. I'd better start the inspection."

It was what she had been waiting for. Unable to look at him, she said with a reasonable effort of calmness:

"I'm sorry, Colonel. I ought to have told you before. Neville's ill. No, no, it's nothing serious, nothing at all to worry about," she went on quickly. "He had a touch of fever in the night. His temperature was high, and I gave him quinine. He was furious about it, and said he was going on parade as usual, and he wasn't jolly well going to let in somebody else for his duty. I pointed out if he stayed in bed this morning and slept, he'd probably be quite all right by the afternoon."

"Sorry to hear this. Are you positive it's nothing much?"

"Oh, positive." She was breathing unevenly. "He's asleep now."

"Then don't wake him, and don't worry yourself. These touches of fever aren't at all rare up here."

Colonel Warwick got up. She walked with him to the open space in the centre of the fort, and there Run Singh came across and saluted. "Morning, Jemadar."

"Salaam, Huzoor." Run Singh's eyes turned from the Colonel to Jill, and they were distressed and inquiring.

She had to make a chance to whisper to him, and seized on the first thing that entered her head to distract Warwick's attention.

"Colonel," she said, pointing up at the sombre heights, "is that an ibex?"

"Where? Where?"

As he leaned forward and stared eagerly, she whispered to Run Singh:

"Rodway Sahib is ill."

Continuing . . . Forbidden Things

from page 5

That and the urgency of her look were sufficient. The Jemadar nodded.

"Don't see anything," said the Colonel. "Think you must have seen a queer-shaped bit of rock. They do sometimes have that effect." He turned to Run Singh. "I'll make the usual inspection."

"Ha, Sahib."

Half a dozen paces he took, Run Singh marching stiffly behind. Then he stopped abruptly, looking towards the south wall of the fort.

Jill, who had started to return to her room, heard that quick checking of footsteps. She looked round, and what she saw was the end of her desperate attempt at bluff. Against the south wall were built the stables, and underneath the pole-supported roof stood just two horses, those of the Colonel and his orderly.

"Where's Rodway Sahib's horse?" demanded the Colonel.

Run Singh opened his mouth, and remained miserably silent.

Hopeless to try to hang out any longer, Jill came across. Her mouth was trembling. She said dully:

"I'm sorry, Colonel Warwick. It's not Run Singh's fault. He's trying to be loyal to my husband. Neville has ridden off to Khoral."

"What!" He stared at her as if she had told an absurd lie.

"I'm afraid it's true," she said.

"I see." His quietness had a terrible significance. "How long ago did he leave?"

"About one hour, Huzoor," answered Run Singh.

The Colonel nodded. "You may dismiss, Jemadar."

Run Singh saluted gravely and marched off. The Colonel looked down at the pallid Jill, his stern eyes suddenly gentle.

"Mrs. Rodway, don't think I'm blaming you for trying to shield your husband. You must have realised the seriousness of the case. Can you tell me why he went?"

She shook her head dumbly.

"VERY well. He must answer for himself, and take the consequences. I'm afraid they will be disastrous." His quietness changed to a human bewilderment. "What in the name of insanity made him do this? A first-class soldier. I trusted him completely, believed in his future. Appalling!"

There was nothing she could say. He watched her with an embarrassed sympathy.

"Mrs. Rodway, this has hit us both pretty badly. You look knocked up. Take my advice and try to rest for a while. I shall stay here for the remainder of the day, in case he comes back. For your sake I'll do my best for him, but I can't do much. My duty's so plain."

"Thank you," she said, like a tired child, and turned away. He watched her compassionately, and then his chin hardened.

"Run Singh!" he called. Once again he was the efficient, impersonal soldier, proceeding to inspect the fort.

Back in her room, Jill sat down with a feeling of utter exhaustion. There was nothing she could do, no shred of faith she could hang on to, no help she could give.

The next hours were a blurred, heavy drag. What roused her was the clatter of hoofs on the iron-hard road beyond the main gate.

Jumping up, and seizing her hat, she ran out into the courtyard, just in time to see the sentry's hand slap up against his rifle butt in salute, as Neville came riding through. The physical sight of him broke her control. He was hers, hers to love and help, whatever he had done. She rushed to his side.

"Neville!" He glanced round. At the same time the Colonel emerged from the buildings on the far side. Neville caught sight of him, and his blue eyes flickered. His thin young face tightened into a haggard mask. He dismounted, called a man to take his horse, crossed to the Colonel, and saluted.

The Colonel said coldly: "Come this way."

In silence they walked over to the so-called orderly-room. Jill followed, her breast heaving.

"Now," said the Colonel, "can you explain this grave dereliction of duty?"

Neville stood stiffly to attention. Not a word came from him.

"I am waiting for an answer."

"I have no answer, sir."

"You admit then, that with full knowledge of the standing order forbidding the officer in charge to leave the fort, you deliberately broke the order?"

Neville stared straight in front of him, with that queer effect of knightly young arrogance.

"Yes, sir."

"Consider yourself under arrest. You will remain in your quarters. Another officer will be sent up to take over. In the meanwhile I am assuming personal command of the fort myself."

"Very good, sir."

Without another look at him the Colonel swung round and walked out.

A broken sound came from Jill. "I'm sorry, dear," said Neville hoarsely, and tried to slip his arm around her shoulders, but she drew away from him.

"Don't! Don't touch me. I've adored you, believed in you completely. Even now I can't stop loving you. But I'm sorry we ever met."

"Jill! Heaven knows I've done a mad thing. But I couldn't help it. I had to."

"Had to!" she cried, and for once there was contempt in her voice.

"Yes."



JILL STARED and stared almost stupidly at the photograph.

"Why did you go to Khoral?" "I can't tell you," he said, and his hands were clenched. "If the C.O. hadn't turned up like this nobody would have been the wiser and there wouldn't have been the ghost of any harm done. As it happens, it looks like good-bye to the regiment." His voice faltered. "I can't help it. I had to go, and I can't tell you why. But I thought you cared enough to trust me and stick to me whatever happened."

"So did I until this morning. I'm trying to, even now. Will you tell me why you went to Khoral?"

"Jill, don't ask me!" he begged.

"You're impossible!" she burst out scornfully. "Do you think I don't know why you went to Khoral?" In one swift pace she had crossed to the attache case, and snatched out the photo. "That's why!"

Neville jerked back as if he had been hit. He stared at the photo, then at her.

"So you found that."

"Yes, I thought you had a magazine of mine. I came in here to search for it. Then I looked in the case. Her lids closed, and she turned her head away. "Actually you must have been in love with her within a few weeks of our marriage."

He laughed wildly, with a bitterness that was frightening. "In love with Enid Linfield!"

"What else?" she demanded.

"Jill, will you believe one thing? I swear I've never loved her and never will."

"How can I believe that? There's this photo. And then you risked everything to meet her to-day at Khoral. You must have had a letter from her this morning telling you she was coming up by train. Do you deny that?"

"No." He reached out and took her hands, and in his manner was an agony of dumb honesty. "Yet I don't love her. One day I'll prove it."

After I've left the Service." His smile was twisted. "That won't be long. I'll be court-martialled and kicked out."

"Why can't you prove it now?" "I haven't. Somebody's got to be protected. So I've got to take what's coming to me. Whatever happens there mustn't be a whisper about Mrs. Linfield."

"You put her before me."

"I put somebody else before both of you, and one of these days you'll agree I was right."

She looked at him in a long silence, and for some reason beyond understanding there came over her a new strength, as if she were recovering from a fevered illness.

"Neville," she said gently, "we won't talk about it any more for the moment. You're worn out. Lie down and try to sleep."

"You're very splendid," he whispered. "What are you going to do?"

"Think," she said, and led him back to their quarters. "You stay here. In any case, you've got to. Hers was the ghost of a laugh."

He turned his head quickly as she went to the door. "Where are you going?"

"To get my sewing," she said casually, and her acting tricked him.

Outside, she hurried across the central courtyard in search of

met her he won't say, but I'm as certain as I stand here that he's shielding somebody."

The Colonel's forehead wrinkled. "I hope so. That would make me think a little better of him. But it won't influence a court-martial. Do you know the name of this woman?"

"Yes, she's a Mrs. Enid Linfield." To her utter amazement he went rigid, and his eyes were blazing with a strange light.

"Enid! Up here!" He took her by the wrist and went striding across the courtyard to their quarters.

As the door swung open Neville looked round. What he read in Warwick's expression made him cry out bitterly:

"Jill! you've ruined everything!"

"No," said the Colonel, "No," and his arm went round her shoulders. "You're lucky in your wife, Rodway. You've put her to a test not one in a thousand would endure, and by the lord Harry! she still believes in you—you gallant, loyal, absurd young fool!" His smile made him seem ten years younger.

JILL looked from one to the other. "Will somebody please explain?"

Said the Colonel: "I've done a great deal of guessing in the last twenty seconds. So I'll start with fact. When I was on short leave, my dear girl, I met the one woman in the world, Mrs. Linfield. Her husband's a retired major, a drunken, callous brute. I was willing, glad to give up everything for her sake. But she cared too much to let me. She sent me away. It was at the time your husband came down to Devon. I introduced him to Mrs. Linfield, and in my misery I told him all about it."

Jill glanced at Neville, and he said, awkwardly: "Filthy insolence of a sub to thrust his opinion on his own C.O. You were awfully decent, sir. Wonder you didn't kick me." He turned to Jill. "You see, the Colonel's such a rattling good soldier, and likely to get the brigade next, and if he'd been involved in—well, a divorce case, the big shots would have dined him. They're getting hot on Service people for that sort of thing."

"So Enid sent me away," said the Colonel, "and I've had to guess the rest."

Neville shuffled his feet. "She was aboard our ship coming out, sir. Linfield had gone to the limit, and she'd left him. She—she felt she couldn't do without you, sir."

"Thank Heaven!" said the Colonel, softly.

"I tried to persuade her to put your career first. She half-promised, and agreed not to write to you. She said she'd stay at Karachi and think things over. But she wanted me to give you her photo. I kept it because I was afraid you—"

"Go on," said the Colonel, and smiled at Jill, whose eyes were suddenly radiant.

"This morning there was a letter from her. It was rather terrible, sir. She simply couldn't hold out any longer. She was coming up to Khoral, and on to see you. That's why I rode off. I argued and pleaded for you . . . and she was splendid. She is going back to-morrow."

There was another silence. Neville, staring at the floor, muttered: "That's why I couldn't say a word—even to you, Jill. You'd have put me first, and told the Colonel."

Colonel Warwick took her hand and slid it into Neville's. "Two generous young idiots," he said, laughing huskily. "Rodway, answer one question. Suppose you had to choose between your wife and the army?"

Neville's hand tightened on hers. "Exactly, my young friend. But you won't allow an old man of forty-five to have any choice," he added with a humorous brusqueness.

"Sir," said Neville desperately, "that's different. One of these days you might even be C-in-C—if—"

"I don't believe in it's." Besides, since getting back I've been making discreet inquiries in high places. The powers-that-be know Major Linfield's unenviable record. If he divorces his wife they won't look too unfavorably on me. That I know." He gave a great laugh and opened the door. "I'm riding to Khoral, fast."

"Is he still under arrest?" asked Jill, her arms around Neville.

"No," said the smiling Colonel, "he's your prisoner for life."

(Copyright.)



"I dread to think of my fortieth birthday."
"Why? Did something dreadful happen then?"

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Now, how can I let Tom know I'm ignoring him when he doesn't phone me so I can hang up on him?"



"Well, have any of your childhood ambitions been realised, Biggs?"
"One of them. It was always my desire to wear long trousers, and now I wear them longer than anyone else."



"Your boy threw a tomato at me."
"Did it hit you?"
"No."
"Then it wasn't my boy."



DENTIST: Stop waving your arms and making faces, sir. Why, I haven't even touched your tooth.
PATIENT: I know you haven't, but you're standing on my corn.



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Even the worst headache yields quickly to genuine Bayer's Aspirin. 2 tablets taken with water bring almost immediate relief. What is more, you can take Bayer's Aspirin with confidence, for it has brought quick relief to thousands throughout Australia for the past 20 years.

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BRAINWAVES

• A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SHOPKEEPER (angrily): What's the idea of throwing those shoes away?

New Assistant: They're no good. I've tried them on six customers and they don't fit anyone.

A TRAVELLER to whom a farmer had boasted that he had a laborer with a wonderful memory decided to test the truth of the assertion. Next day he found the workman in the fields and asked him: "Do you like eggs?"

"Yes," said the man.
Twelve months later he again sought the man, and said, "How?"

"Fried," was the immediate reply.

ANXIOUS MOTHER (fussing over baby): The little darling wriggles out of everything. What shall I do with him?

Ped-up Friend: Make him a politician.

"WHAT, you won't lend me £2 on this wireless set? Why, I can get Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, and America on it."
"Maybe, but you can't get two quid on it."

"AH! I can see that letter's from a woman, and you've turned quite pale."
"Yes. It's from your dressmaker."

TELEPHONE VOICE: Hello.
Second Ditto: Hello.
"How are you after the party last night?"
"All right."
"Sorry, wrong number."

MOTHER (who has brought her little girl to the hairdresser's): I want my little girl's hair bobbed, please.
"Yes, madam, what sort of bob would you like?"
"Oh, mummy," asked the little girl, "could I have a bob each way?"

Missing HALF the fun of life?

Only half enjoy your meals?
Only half enjoy half-a-pint?
Only half a husband to your "better half"?

A tonic is what you need!
Liven yourself up with Kruschen Salts. Your system needs the salts in Kruschen. They are a tonic to your liver. They cleanse and refresh your kidneys. They stimulate your digestion. They improve your appetite.

KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea; almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

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ANYWHERE—ANY PLACE—ANY TIME
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
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TELEPHONE MA4496

Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests prove New Shampoo

Thousands Hail Glorifying Action



- Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:
1. Reveals up to 33% more lustre.
 2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
 3. Helps make "perms" faster, safer.
 4. Keeps hair's elasticity.

TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Soap washed hair. Hair dulled by "alkali-sin." RIGHT—Colinated-washed hair. Hair shining, silky-bright.



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In unique "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam and the other half of the hair with a fine soap. And look!... 1. The Colinated side, far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl.

This revolutionary Colinated foam is not a soap, not an oil. Yet changes instantly into a magic-cleaning bubble-foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known! No lemon or vinegar rinse needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove! Make a test yourself—shampoo your hair with Colinated foam... and thrill to your hair's new loveliness! Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Colinated foam Shampoo (costs less than 4d. a shampoo).

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd. - - - Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 3 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts dissolving through the blood in 10 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm disappear. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vicious returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very next night. Then their vision returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the streaming mucus or phlegm. (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs. (3) It promotes body vigor, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalized blood.

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Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. H.

writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. R. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a God-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and holding nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the Judge. If you don't feel entirely well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the packet and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco

Now in 3 sizes... 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

Catarrhal Deafness May be Overcome

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmit (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ I WANTED WINGS

(Week's Best Release)

Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris. (Paramount.)

PARAMOUNT has produced one of the best, and certainly the most realistic, of aviation films.

The picture was made at Randolph and Kelly Fields, Texas. Its aerial scenes, some so vivid that the audience exclaims, are magnificent. They give a sense of speed, flight, and sky perspective new to the screen.

New, too, is the gold-digger of the fictional story, Veronica Lake. This slim girl, with her fair hair falling over her face, her husky voice, and her intriguing combination of small stature and hectic personality, is a fresh type. Her success is great.

Veronica upsets the lives of the three men—millionaire Ray Milland, mechanic William Holden, and footballer Wayne Morris—who enter the United States Air Corps, and whose adventures in the air are enthralling.

A stand-out in the supporting cast is Brian Donley, taking for once a sympathetic role as the instructor.

"I Wanted Wings," which follows the whole method of air corps training in detail, is a long picture, and at times a too-technical picture. But in all it is fresh, absorbing, and at times immensely exciting.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★★ SIS HOPKINS

Judy Canova, Bob Crosby. (Republic.)

JUDY CANOVA'S second film, a more elaborate production than "Scatterbrain," is an entertaining musical comedy with the popular hillbilly lass singing and clowning in top form.

The film is a streamlined adaptation of a forty-year-old stage success. Judy plays an unglamorous hayseed who drifts to the big city and to college, where she scores a real hit.

Judy sings a number of hillbilly tunes as well as an excerpt from "Traviata." Bob Crosby, who has the lead, sings and directs his band in modern rhythm.

Judy again proves herself a first-

class comedienne, with Jerry Colonna as a professor and Charles Butterworth as Judy's slightly vague rich uncle adding humor. Susan Hayward is good as her jealous cousin.—State; showing.

★ YES, MADAM

Bobby Howes, Diana Churchill. (British-Universal.)

HERE'S one of those boisterous, rambling, rather risqué English musical comedies—with Bobby Howes, of "Please, Teacher" fame, and Diana Churchill as the stars.

An eccentric uncle wills a large fortune to Bobby and Diana on condition that they go into service for a month.

The family lawyer gets them both a position in the home of self-made Wylie Watson—Bobby as valet-chauffeur and Diana as maid to Bertha Belmont, Wylie's sister.

Then Billy Milton, in line for the inheritance, appears on the scene. His object is to get Bobby sacked before the month is up, for in that case the fortune will go to him.

Leading fun-makers in the show are Bertha Belmont and Vera Pearce, both well known to Australian theatre audiences.—Embassy; showing.

★ COME, LIVE WITH ME

James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr. (MGM.)

IN spite of the presence of glamorous Hedy Lamarr, likeable James Stewart, and really beautiful settings, this romantic comedy adds up to only average entertainment.

The story, slow-moving and always obvious, is the trouble.

To escape deportation back to Austria, Hedy, playing a Viennese girl in America, marries penniless young author Stewart.

In return Hedy provides Jimmy with his living expenses while he writes his first novel. The exotic one then goes off to a luxurious flat and a flirtation with publisher Ian Hunter, who is married to knowing Verree Teasdale.

Even the most casual film-goer can guess the rest.

Lamarr does little beyond looking

Our Film Gradings

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

beautiful—although, after seeing this film, some will say that is quite enough. Stewart succeeds in making the rather sad novelist seem real.—St. James; showing.

★ CALL A COP

George Formby, Dorothy Hyson. (ATF.)

FANS of George Formby are going to be disappointed in his latest farce. For it is just a repetition of familiar Formby antics, less amusing, too, than usual.

As a war reserve policeman he is the guileless dupe—this time of a gang of saboteurs who are out to wreck a warship at the moment of her launching.

Songs are less tuneful than usual. But Dorothy Hyson makes a very charming leading lady, while George Merritt and John Warwick are suitably sinister as the villains.

George has been hampered by weak material and poor direction, but the Formby personality will probably carry him through.—Lyceum; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful comedy. Liberty, 13th week.

★★ Down Argentine Way. Betty Grable, Don Ameche in colorful South American musical. Regent, 4th week.

★★ Cheers for Miss Bishop. Martha Scott, William Gargan in appealing drama. Century, 3rd week.

★★ Sea Wolf. Edward G. Robinson, Ida Lupino in grim sea drama. Plaza, 2nd week.

★★ That Uncertain Feeling. Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas in frothy marital comedy. Mayfair, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood

GENE LOCKHART'S benefit show for the Anzac war relief attracted many celebrities.

With the help of some of England's finest character actors and actresses, Mr. Lockhart has been presenting his revue every Sunday night for British war funds.

At the Anzac show, between acts, Ronald Colman was seen chatting in the lobby with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, while Fred MacMurray and his charming brunette wife bought up quantities of sweets and lemonade.

During the evening the audience joined in the singing of Gene Lockhart's own composition, "Mrs. Tommy Atkins," a copy of which has just been flown to England aboard a bomber. It is a gay and catchy number.

VIRGINIA BRUCE expects her baby the latter part of August.

MERLE OBERON and her four leading men have started work on "Tilluloma," an Alexander Korda production, directed by famous French director Jules Duvivier. Merle ages from a young girl to a woman of 73 in this tale, which revolves about Boston at the turn of the century.

Duvivier will be remembered for his production of "Carnet du Bal."

YOU'LL see a film within a film when "Hold Back the Dawn" is released. Scenes in the picture call for Charles Boyer to visit the Paramount studios in search of a friend.

While there he wanders on to a sound stage where "I Wanted Wings" is being filmed. Thus, scenes from "I Wanted Wings" will be seen in "Hold Back the Dawn."

TWO actors who are giving their feminine relatives a fling at films are John Barrymore and Paul Mum. John expects daughter Diana out in Hollywood shortly, while Paul is starting his niece, Loris Hudson, in a stage show. If Loris makes a hit in "My Fair Ladies," uncle Paul will see she gets a break in pictures.

GENE AUTRY, the well-liked cowboy star, who is always ready to entertain for worthy charities, was upset when he found he could not take his horse into a crippled children's hospital to entertain the youngsters.

To prevent a similar happening, Autry is training a tiny Shetland pony to do fancy tricks. When trained, this little animal will be easily admitted into hospitals where his full-sized steed, "Champ," was barred. Among the tricks Gene hopes to teach his new equine pupil are the cake-walk, skater's waltz, and a head stand.

JANE WITHERS is being deuced by Freddie Bartholomew.

JAMES STEWART, now a private in the army, sold his plane before joining up. Next to go was his expensive car. Jimmy bought a cheaper one which was more in keeping with the kind driven by fellow privates on their time off.

BROTHER is often pitted against brother on the Hollywood scene. Take the case of David and Myron Selznick. David, the producer, was very impressed with English director Carol Reed's work on "Night Train to Munich." He wired Mr. Reed to come to Hollywood and start work for him at \$270 a week. At the same time, brother Myron, the agent, saw the film. He wired Carol Reed to sign a contract with him, telling him he would try to get him work in Hollywood at \$1000 a week. Carol Reed signed up with Myron Selznick, who is now ready to let him go to work for David—at the stipulated \$1000.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUN., will play in "The Corsican Brothers" for Edward Small Productions. He will play both brothers.

WALLACE BEERY is going to marry Mrs. Loreen Robinson any day now. Blonde and beautiful, she is a very wealthy widow, and the mother of four children. Wally says he has never been so happy.

Beginning his 31st year in pictures, Wally has signed a handsome new contract with MGM.

DIRECTOR LANG can bark like a dog—and he does, when necessary. In the anti-Nazi film, "Man Hunt," he wanted to get some dogs to bark at strategic places while Walter Pidgeon was being chased by the storm-troopers. The dogs would not comply. Lang did the barking himself.

FILMS of actual air battles involving the R.A.F. have been promised to Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox, by Lord Beaverbrook, to be incorporated in "A Yank in the R.A.F." The films will be taken by automatic movie cameras, synchronised with the trigger action of the aeroplane machine-guns.

Carol Bruce's story is like a screen plot

BROADWAY SINGING SENSATION
ONCE WORKED BEHIND A COUNTER

By CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

YOU all know the screen plot about the stage-struck girl who gets a small part in a play, surprises everyone by her brilliant performance, and becomes a star overnight. It is one of the oldest stories in existence.

Well, it's happened in real life—to dark-eyed Carol Bruce, Broadway singing sensation, who has just arrived in Hollywood under contract to Universal.

Last year Carol was given a tiny singing part in the much-talked-about Broadway production "Louisiana Purchase."

Few people had heard of her before. She wasn't even named on the top lines of the programme.

But on the opening night, when she sang in her rich, low voice "The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul," the audience grew tense.

They leaned forward in their seats and listened to the sincerity and flawless sense of rhythm this youngster possessed.

Next morning the newspapers raved over the electrifying effect the almost unknown torch singer had had on the audience.

She was hailed as the theatre's most delightful musical discovery

since Mary Martin sang to stardom with "My Heart Belongs to Daddy."

She was feted, interviewed, photographed wherever she went.

The climax to her breath-takingly swift success story came when Carol signed a contract with Universal.

She had to wait until the end of the "Louisiana Purchase" run, then was rushed to Hollywood, where she has already begun on her first film, "I, James Lewis," with John Carroll in the male lead.

Brought up in Brooklyn, Carol began work at fourteen, selling stockings behind the counter of a Brooklyn shop.

Soon she was promoted to the sweater department, then to modelling the store's bathing suits.

In her spare time she studied music—even then she dreamt of becoming a great singing film star, like Irene Dunne.

But she ran into as much bad luck as any Cinderella of the screen.

She began demonstrating songs in a chain store—and was fired because they said her rhythm was "too old-fashioned."

A few weeks after she took a job in a popular night-club it went bankrupt.

She appeared in George White's "Scandals," and her part was cut.

Then she was given a role in the musical, "Nice Goin'—but, somehow, it didn't reach Broadway.

Then came the part in "Louisiana Purchase." You know the rest.

By Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood

They are wizards of make-believe

STROLLING round the set of "The Sea Wolf" I met a cunning craftsman whose title might well be Barnacle Maker de Luxe. Jack Baker is his name, and he belongs to the army of unheralded workers who may be classed under the general heading of "odd-job men," although that does not sound nearly as imposing a title as some of their artistic work deserves.

Through Jack I met his pals in the business, the cobweb-maker, the boat-rocker, the turban-wrapper, and the squalor expert, but first he told me of his own work.

Displaying his handiwork on the encrusted sides of a couple of sloops, he told me he really enjoyed barnacle-making, but as it was a precarious sort of business (few films requiring a large supply of barnacles), he went in for icicle-making on the side. There are wintry scenes in dozens of films and a good icicle-maker can always find a job.

One of Jack Baker's friends is Lee Zavitz, the official fog-maker on many a film. Recently working on the dim wharf-side scenes of "That Hamilton Woman," Zavitz admits to having lived in a perpetual fog for the last 18 years. He has experimented, and improved on the methods of fog-making until he can now whip up, upon command, anything from a dreamy mist to a regular pea-souper.

Eighteen years in his business is also the record of Robert Martin,

who works on the production of delicate spider-webs and cobwebs.

"Bob has put his son through college on the proceeds of his web-making," added Baker. "Though he started off by himself, he has a staff of ten men working for him now. In the old days spider-webs were made by spreading glue on two boards and working them together until the glue separated in hairy strands. To-

day Bob uses the system he has worked out with rubber cement thrown on the spinning axis of electric fans."

Ida Lupino was boarding the barnacled craft for a close-up with Edward G. Robinson, when she was suddenly hauled off again by a determined young woman with a wet sponge in her hand.

"That's the hair undresser," said

Baker laconically. "It's her job to see Miss Lupino doesn't look too tidy for this scene. She has to stand by and mess her hair up every few minutes."

She was doing a good job, too. Poor Ida looked like a skye terrier with her matted locks hanging in her eyes. But there was a beam of self-satisfaction in the hair undresser's eyes as she gave one approving pat—with

a handful of fuller's earth—to Ida's centre part.

"Now you look good and dirty," was her verdict.

Other odd-job men who earn good salaries in the industry are a sundry lot numbering among their members water-softeners, snow-makers, and turban-wrappers. Bhogwan Singh has been twisting turbans correctly for 27 years.

● Carol Bruce, who scored a hit on Broadway by her singing in a small role in "Louisiana Purchase," will make her screen debut in "I, James Lewis." Carol is now living in a modest flat in Hollywood with her parents and her sister.





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5/751

Did you **PROTEX** yourself this morning?

BOYISH LOVER IS BACK



● In youthful looks and dark-eyed sincerity lies the charm of Tyrone Power, front-rank romantic star, shown above left with Linda Darnell in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Blood and Sand."



● The whimsical, light-hearted Ray Milland, shown above with Constance Moore in Paramount's "I Wanted Wings," is one of the most popular screen lovers to-day and is in great demand.



● Blond young Stirling Hayden's impetuous wooing of Madeleine Carroll in Paramount's "Virginia" so pleased the fans that Stirling, with Madeleine (above), will again play opposite her in "Dildo Cay," a drama of the West Indies, which gives the actor star status.

To-day's most popular heroes are tops in youthful appeal

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

THE boyish lover has returned to the screen.

Back in the early 'twenties Richard Barthelmess popularised the shy, ingenuous type of romantic hero. Richard went out when the masterful Latin lovers — Valentino, Gilbert, Cortez — swept in.

They have had their day, nor does Hollywood any longer seek the debonair, man-of-the-world type like William Powell and Herbert Marshall.

To-day the trend has turned again towards the tousle-haired, out-of-doors young man who places his lady on a pedestal rather than sweeps her off her feet.

One reason for the vogue is the shortage of leading men.

Studios are busily filling up the ranks with the only talent available — young men who are just starting out on their careers.

Of the newcomers, serious-eyed Rand Brooks, twenty-two, one of those blond six-footers, is among the most promising. He has his first important role in "Three Cheers for Miss Bishop."

Like James Stewart

SMILING, light-hearted Dan Dailey, jun., who until recently was selling shoes in a Los Angeles shop, has an engaging personality similar to that of James Stewart. He plays the punch-drunk prize-fighter in "The Ziegfeld Girl."

Another dark-haired, blue-eyed young giant, George Montgomery, a provocative mixture of shyness and virility, is being groomed by Twentieth Century-Fox. You'll see him in "The Cowboy and the Blonde."

All those unsophisticated young heroes who've been trying to reach the top in the last few years are getting their chance to-day.

Although he has been four years on the screen, Hollywood has only just become aware of Ronald Reagan, that lithe, amusing young man who resembles Doug Fairbanks, jun., so closely. He's being acclaimed for his work in "Million Dollar Baby." Now he is in "The Tanks Are Coming," a story of military preparedness.

Since his appearance in "Kitty Foyle" Dennis Morgan, who combines Irish charm with a delightful singing voice, has been rushed into the lead in "Affectionately Yours" with Merle Oberon.

Talent reward

AT RKO, Dennis' rival for Kitty Foyle's affections, serious, diffident James Craig, has just been given the lead in "A Certain Mr. Scratch."

Then you have Robert Stack, Richard Carlson, William Lundigan, Robert Cummings and Wayne Morris, all of whom have boyish appeal and are now steadily climbing to the top.

An amusing result of it all is that the heroes are often younger than the women to whom they make love.

Blond young six-foot-four sailor Stirling Hayden is Fred MacMurray's rival for the love of thirty-five-year-old Madeleine Carroll in "Virginia."

Glenn Ford, who scored a surprise hit in the dramatic "So Ends Our Night," playing opposite the thirty-year-old Margaret Sullivan, is still in his early twenties.

Extreme youth alone does not make the boyish lover. Front-rank romantic stars like Tyrone Power, James Stewart, Fred MacMurray, Joel McCrea, Henry Fonda, and Ray Milland, most of whom are over thirty, all are strong in youthful appeal.

A merry blue eye, an engaging grin, and/or six feet of slim strength are almost passports to Hollywood fame.

ROMANCE in RADIO



1 ENTHUSIASTIC radio amateur Rix (John Payne) persuades singer friend Vicki (Alice Faye) and new acquaintance Chuck (Jack Oakie) into pioneering a radio station.



2 VICKI CHARMS playboy Bruce (Cesar Romero) into lending the money.



3 AFTER SPLENDID opening, static ruins their first commercial broadcast.



4 UNDETERRED, Rix obtains enough money from Bruce, now Vicki's admirer, to broadcast the Dempsey - Willard championship fight and proposes to Vicki on the spot.



5 THEIR MARRIAGE reduces Rix and Vicki to disastrous poverty, but Chuck, alone, soars ahead.



6 VICKI'S unhappiness touches Chuck, who plots with his secretary a radio reconciliation of his friends.

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	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Bronze <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>		BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	
		Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	It has a heavy, dark eye shadow and hair	

WV3D

New chapter in history of entertainment

IN its new musical, "The Great American Broadcast," Twentieth Century-Fox describes another chapter in its entertainment history series.

In "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was traced the rise of jazz. In "Tin Pan Alley" was given the development of popular song-writing.

"The Great American Broadcast," scenes from which are shown on this page, weaves a love-story into the real-life romance of radio.

Its period covers the 'twenties. Its hero is an ex-war pilot who gets enthusiastic over broadcasting entertainment possibilities. Its heroine becomes radio's first singing star. Its comedian, who begins by tinkering with a crystal set—can you remember these?—rises to power as the head of a great commercial broadcasting station.

A most interesting feature of the film is the inclusion of old films of the actual Willard-Dempsey fight. They are used to accompany the broadcast of the fight made in the story by hero John Payne.

"The Great American Broadcast" reunites the "Tin Pan Alley" of Alice Faye, John Payne and Jack Oakie.

It is Alice Faye's 26th picture in seven years for the studio.

In fact, during its production, she signed a new contract which makes her the oldest star—from the service point of view—on the lot.

With the confidence of her position, Alice insisted that her stand-in, her wardrobe-girl, and her hair-dresser be included in this new contract, too. So, as long as Alice stays with the studio, the three are sure of their jobs. More, Alice has established a trust fund of £4000 for the lucky stand-in, whose name is Helene Smith.

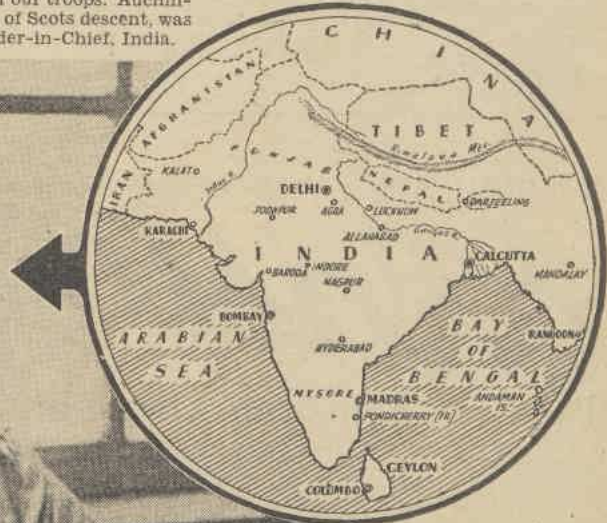
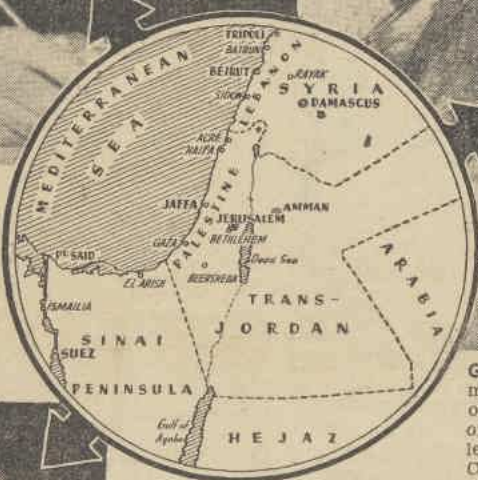
CHECKER - BOARD MOVES IN MIDDLE EAST



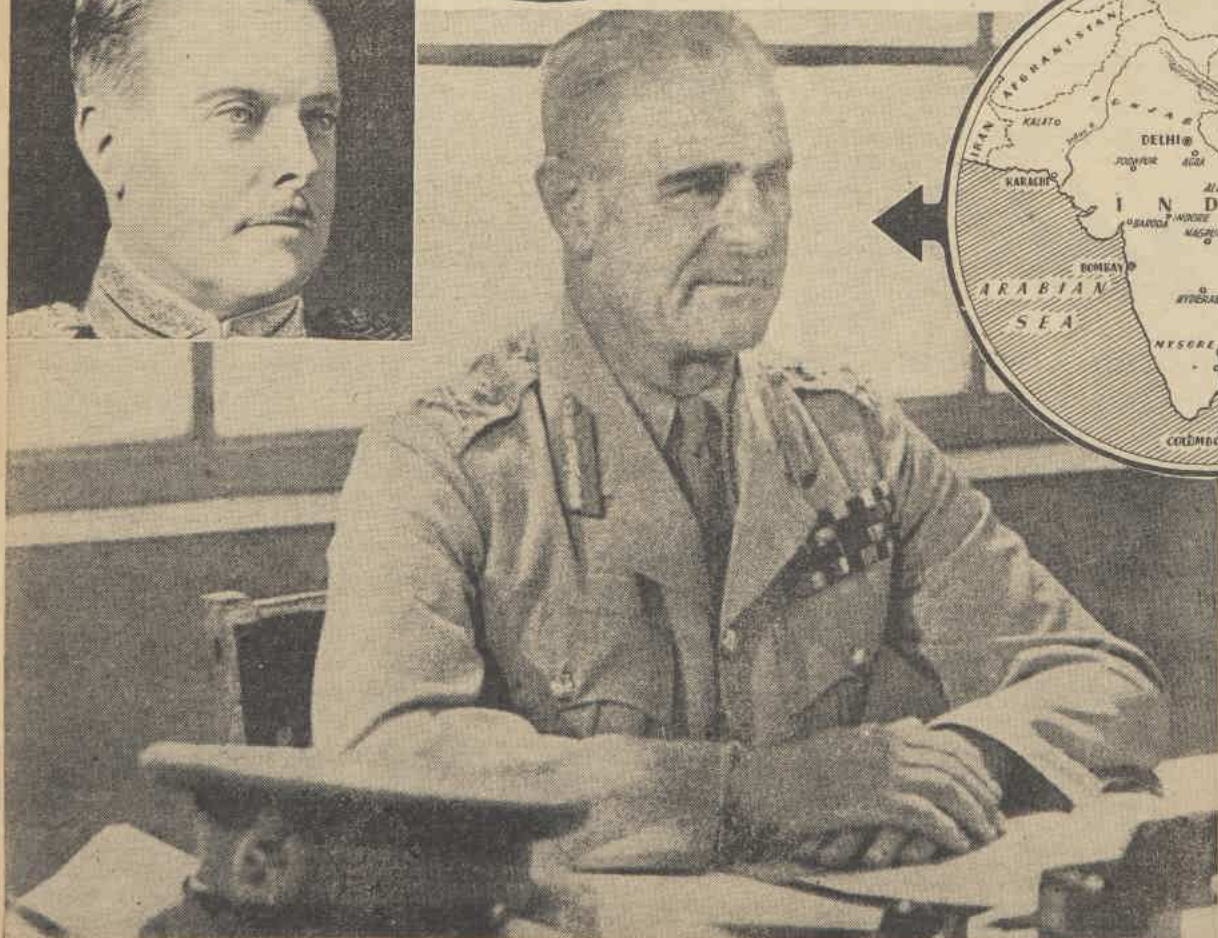
MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON becomes Minister of State representing British War Cabinet in Middle East. This Churchill appointment has no precedent. **GENERAL SIR ROBERT HAINING** (below), Intendant-General, Middle East. Job is administrative. Rank of Intendant-General not used since Cromwell's time.



GENERAL SIR CLAUDE AUCHINLECK (pronounced Affleck), now Commander-in-Chief in Middle East. This appointment, replacing Wavell, is of vital interest to Australia, since Middle East Command controls destinies of most of our troops. Auchinleck is 57, of Scots descent, was Commander-in-Chief, India.



GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL goes to India as Commander-in-Chief, relinquishing Middle East Command. Wizard of great British sweep through Cyrenaica, he destroyed a whole Italian army. Nazi drive into Russia makes Indian Command of supreme importance, say those who insist change of jobs is not demotion for this man who was hailed as Britain's greatest strategist. He changes places with General Auchinleck.



Continuing A Bit Of All Right from page 8

No one said what Roger wanted them to say. He went on with a reckless disregard for decent pride. "I mean, I'm pretty good now—really I am, I thought if you were a man short, p'raps I could play against Further Dimings this summer."

They were all looking at him. "You won't be here." "Course I'll be here." Someone snickered. It was young Beverly, whose father was the village plumber. Beverly went to a rotten little school at Warminster, and he was always making beastly digs at Eton and the Sons of Gentlemen who went there.

"Oh, yeah?" he said. Roger's fist clenched. He wanted to punch Beverly's nose. But it was no good starting a fight, especially on Sunday. "I bet I'd bowl you in one over, Bev," said Roger. A challenge was his last hope. No one took it up. "I bet you could. But you won't have the chance."

Something was wrong. Something had happened that they knew and he didn't. Angry, bewildered tears stung his eyes. He hung his head back to hide them. He wasn't going to let them see he cared.

And just then, his mother called: "We've got to go along, Roger." The manor house lay in the park just outside the village. Roger and his mother walked home. The little groups outside the lichen gate made a respectful way for them. But the good nights sounded sad.

Roger hated bed. But at least it didn't tell tales. You could cry your heart out into its pillow and no one would ever know. So he cried recklessly. And when the door opened and his mother's slender figure showed against the light in the passage, it was too late. No furtive wipings with the top sheet could deceive the hand passed lightly over his wet cheek.

"I think I've got a cold, Mummy." She sat on the bed. In the moonlight sleeping between the curtains, she looked like a pretty girl, rier prettiness, the way she dressed, made Roger proud of her. But also it made him feel lonelier, as though she didn't quite belong to him. He caught his breath in a last sob.

"What is it Roger?" she asked gently.

He sniffed. Not for anything would he have tried to tell her. Women didn't understand, anyway. And she wasn't even an Englishwoman.

"I don't know, Mums. P'raps I've got a pain somewhere."

"P'raps that's it. But it's not

going to hurt any more. You're going away, sweetheart. To America; to my people, who'll love you and take care of you. You'll have a wonderful time. You'll never be afraid again."

"But I'm not afraid, Mums." "No—no." (It was all wrong. She should never have used the word "afraid." She must keep fear out of his mind.) "Of course not, darling."

"I don't want to go." "Roger, darling, be reasonable." In desperation, she became hard and metallic. Her voice had a callous ring, but it was near to breaking. "You're just a baby. You don't understand. You can't do any good. And you'll love it when you're over there. No bombs and aeroplanes and noises. It's such a sweet place—where I was born, you know. Everyone will love you. Why, they're getting a pony for you."

He didn't want a pony. He wanted to carry his bat against Further Dimings and help knock spots off them. He wanted his mother to need him; to trust him, as his father had done the day he had left for the last time. His father had talked to him as one man to another. "You must help take care of her, old chap. Hold the fort, you know." But she had called him a baby. She had tried to comfort him with a pony. Grief and bewildered resentment were rising in his heart against her.

"You'll sail on a big ship, darling. You'll have such fun."

"Are Snooty and the others going?"

It was as though with a clumsy hand he had fumbled his way to the heart of the tragedy that beset them all.

She tried to ward him off, laughing. "Of course not. We haven't all got American grandmothers and grandfathers."

"Are you going?"

"No."

"Why not? You'd be going home."

Her smile became a little blither. Even her son was making a stranger of her. In their one quarrel—when Gerald had refused an honorable chance of safety—it was the weapon he had used against her: "You can't feel as I do. This isn't your country." It was true. There were times when she had almost hated it. Yet now the chance had come to leave it, she couldn't. Perhaps out of stubborn pride, out of some remorseful loyalty to him, to all he believed in, she was standing by.

"I've got to stay to take care of your home, so when you come

back it will be safe—waiting for you."

He turned his face from her. He didn't care any more. He wasn't any good. No one wanted him. His mother didn't. His home didn't. The Eleven didn't. So it didn't matter where he went.

The Crown and Anchor was a pub which nestled cozily in a narrow street back of Southampton docks. It was some distance from Miss Matty Biddle's home, which consisted of a tumbledown two-room cottage on the outskirts of the town, but she liked it because the road to it provided rousing entertainment for an evening's walk. And in the evening Matty had to walk, because if she sat down long enough she began to think—about herself and life and the whole blinking mess.

As Police Constable X B 24 lumbered round the corner on his beat, Matty was leaning against the locked door of the Anchor's bar waiting for it to open and provide her, rather unnecessarily, with another drink. As she waited she sang. The quality of her song and voice

It was a song whose memories disturbed Police Constable X B 24. And besides, she sang so loudly he wondered uneasily if he wouldn't have to run her in. Fortunately, a new thought came to her.

"I'll go ave a look at them little blighters," she said, "and tick 'em orf." She set her hat with its dilapidated nosegay at a jauntier angle and gave her old playfellow a coy dig in the ribs. "Eil Tiler, old cock!" she saluted him. "Ere goes the Fifth Column." And she marched off on a spiral course toward the docks.

It was dark now. The great ship, its funnels looming against the stars, was only a blacker shadow among shadows. Matty knew, from hearsay, that on the roof of the warehouse were men and machine guns, waiting.

Matty stood and watched. A man with his bayoneted rifle at the ready seemed to rise out of the ground beside her. His distrustful eyes took in the reassuring fact that she was half-seas over.

"Better be getting 'ome, Mother." "Orl right, cocky. I just wanted to ave a look at them little swells makin' a getaway."

He shook his head. "Poor little brats!"

As he spoke the doors of the warehouse slid open, emitting a pale patch of light into which a strange procession began to move. Matty had never heard of the Pled Piper. But for that matter, she had never seen children like that before—so many of them together, their gas masks slung over their narrow shoulders, their faces dazed and white, and expressionless—spell-bound children, obeying some unseen piper who played them on, away from their own people, into exile, into safety.

"Little rats!" Matty said. But with less bitterness.

The soldier beside her lifted his head. He seemed to be listening. It was as though the air shook—very faintly. The searchlights that had disappeared raced back—moving swiftly, frantically.

The head of the procession had reached the ship's gangplank when the vibration became a sound. Matty had heard it before—years ago. And at that moment one of the children turned toward her. He looked straight at her, and in the blinding flash of a gun she saw his eyes—sullen, resentful, defiant. She knew that he, too, hated everything and everyone.

Not knowing what she did or why, she lunged at him, as the swiftly descending blow reached its mark, caught him against her and fell with him to the ground, covering him with her body.

It seemed long afterwards that she scrambled up out of the intolerable confusion of death and ruin and piteous crying and ran, tumbling and gasping, with the unknown child still clasped against her into the darkness of the agast and silent streets.

She stopped, from habit, outside the barricaded doors of the Crown and Anchor. Overhead, the air screamed like a living thing in torment. The ground under her feet shuddered. She set down her burden.

"Well, you two pen'noth o' lord 'elp us," she said, "we're still alive." Her hat fell off. He picked it up and gave it to her.

"Always the little gentleman!" she scoffed. She saw that he was shaking from head to foot. "Fair got the wind up, haven't you?"

His voice jerked out of him. "I—I'm n-not—f-frightened. I just don't seem able to help it." Actually, his body didn't seem to belong to him. It was like a frantic runaway horse. And suddenly, to his horror, he was violently sick. The strange lady was very nice about it. She wiped his damp forehead with a dirty handkerchief. He leaned against her.

"Nough to turn anyone's stomach," she said. "I feel queer myself."

She hoped, in spite of her hostility to all his kind, that he hadn't seen what she had seen. But then she knew he had. For a searchlight illuminated his upturned face. It was deathly white under the blood and dirt.

"Come on, Two Pen'noth," she said. "We've got to get out of this."

Her cottage stood by itself in a neglected scrap of garden. In one room were her laundry tubs. The

other was a higgledy-piggledy of leftovers from her better days, not even clean. She saw it now with the boy's eyes.

"Bit of a mess, ain't it? But at least the roof don't leak."

"I think it's very nice," he said.

"You know it ain't."

"I mean, it's very nice of you."

She made him sit down on her tumbled bed. She sponged his face, and under the dirt and blood recognised its boyish beauty. She turned resentfully away from it. Kids didn't have those strong white teeth, those straight stalwart limbs. But she foraged in her cupboard for him. There was a loaf of bread, some rancid butter, a half-bottle of gin. She eyed the last yearningly. She could have done with a spot. But not knowing quite why, she pushed the bottle out of sight.

"Pot luck, Two Pen'noth," she said. "If you don't like it, you can hump it." She saw that he ate to please her, but that the food stuck in his throat. "Orl right," she said. "You don't have to."

"Thank you," he said.

"I guess where you come from folks don't speak till they're introduced. My name's Matty Biddle. What's yours?"

"Roger Delaney," he said.

"Igh-class. Well, I guess I'd better pop over to a telephone and tell your folks to fetch you 'ome."

"I don't want to go home," he said. "They don't want me. My mother thought I was frightened. She said I was just a baby. She was sending me away."

"Sure. Where you'd be safe."

"I—I don't want to be safe."

Matty braced herself hostilely. "Why not? Kids like you don't 'ave to stay and take it."

The tears were burning his throat again. "My father didn't think me a baby. He said, 'You help take care of her.'"

"Well, 'e sent you, didn't 'e?"

"He's dead," Roger said. "He was killed at sea—in a battle."

She was silent. So swells died, too—like her Bill. The mother of Two Pen'noth had lost her man, as Matty Biddle had lost hers. That was a thought that she tucked away like the gin bottle, out of sight. She spoke with a rough kindness. "We'll talk abaht it to-morrow. Better get a wink of sleep."

She made up her bed for him. It was a long time since she'd cared for anyone—even for herself. When his head rested on her pillow, she sat beside him. She had turned the light out, and through the open window flashes of gunfire played across his face. It was white and anxious.

"Wot is it, Two Pen'noth?"

"It's a real air raid, isn't it, Miss Biddle?"

"You bet."

"I'd like Snooty to know. He's had three. He bragged about them."

"You can tick 'em orf proper when you go back."

His hand groped into hers. "I'm not afraid, am I?" he asked.

"You bet you're not. But 'olding 'ands is comforting, ain't it?"

"Do you think so?"

"If I 'adn't got you along I'd be scared stiff."

Please turn to page 26

For Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of 'Elasto.' Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up and leg wounds heal naturally, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of revitalizing the blood. Your copy is Free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devalued fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy, circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."

"Now free from piles."

"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."

"Heart is quite sound again now."

"Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."

"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

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Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1552 E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Australian Women need no longer endure the discomfort of unsightly hairs now that 'Vanix' is available in this country.

"VANIX"

is manufactured by The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co. from the formula of Paul Van Schuyler. It is the only preparation of its kind—it deactivates and completely destroys the hair tissue. "VANIX" is obtainable at 5/3 a bottle (6/1 posted) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 210 George St., Sydney, and all its branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Ltd. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 226 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

FIVE FIGHTING SONS OF FIGHTING FATHER



FAMILY GROUP taken when Mr. Walker came back from war in 1919.

Family shares a tradition of courage

MR. AND MRS. G. H. WALKER, of Toongabbie, have five sons and two sons-in-law on active service.

Their family consists of five sons and four daughters. Mr. Walker served in the last war, and his wife looked after a family of six on £5 a fortnight.

She found time to do voluntary war work, remembers worst problem of bringing up the family was keeping up with the pants-patching for her sons.

Mr. Walker still keeps trophies of last war—a German soldier's cap and European coins.



Private Douglas Walker, 21, H.Q. brass band, believed to be in Tobruk.

MR. AND MRS. WALKER keep a close watch on the letter-box. Mrs. Walker writes to her five sons every week by ordinary mail, sending an air-mail letter to each in turn.



Corporal Clyde H. Walker, 30, last of the Walker boys to go overseas. Gunner Colin S. Walker, 32, believed to be now in Tobruk. Pte. William Keith Walker, 34, A.A.M.C., recommended for Military Medal. Private Dudley Walker, 38, with an A.I.F. hospital, has been in Greece and Crete.

Continuing A Bit Of All Right from page 24

HE sighed, almost with content. Then, like an exhausted puppy, he fell asleep.

She sat all night beside him. When morning came she slipped down the road to the little shop for milk and eggs.

"My brother's wife's been took ill," she said. "I've got their boy with me."

"That's too bad. This isn't any place for a child. Look what happened last night. Dreadful! Twenty of them gone. Some, they say, won't even be identified."

"Is that so?" Matty Biddle said.

When she got back Roger was still sleeping. On his blue reefer coat was a tag with his name and address and the place in the far country where he'd been going. She untied it and tore it into shreds. Confused thoughts were forming into a pattern in her fuddled mind. Life owed her something. She'd lost everything that could have kept her decent. This other woman had money, comfort, power. The way to safety lay open to her when she chose to take it. Skunks—all her kind. That's what that chap on the soapbox had called them. Rats leaving the battered ship.

Young Two Penn'orth, though, he wasn't a rat. He was true-blue. He hadn't wanted to be safe. But she'd saved him. So she had a right to him.

He woke to find her watching him. He looked at her, at first confused, then with swift remembrance. "Mother? Is she here? Is she coming?"

"Not if I can 'elp it. You don't want 'er, do you? She didn't want you. She was sendin' you away, like a baby, wasn't she? If you want to, you can stay 'ere. They think you've been blown to kingdom come. And you would've been, but for me. That makes you and me sort of belong to each other. I want you. I'd be scared stiff without you."

"Honest?"

"Yes, honest. Well, not abaht it? Want to 'elp me see it through?"

"I'd like to—if you really need me, Miss Biddle."

Police Constable X B 24 missed Matty for six nights in succession outside the Anchor. A prey to grave anxiety, on his first night off he made his way to her cottage. Its appearance, even outside, startled him. It was still grey-faced and shabby, but in some way that eluded

him it had sobered up, so to speak; pulled its roof straight and brushed up its garden.

Inside, there were evidences of a violent outbreak of paint and soap. An old Paisley shawl had transformed the bed into a sofa. The table was spread with a clean cloth, and Matty, sober as a judge and neat as a battered but still serviceable pin, was sharing a high tea of kippers with a strange little boy.

"Well, if it ain't my old friend Robert! This is Roger, my nephew. My brother's wife just died, and I'm takin' over."

The police constable consented to a spare kipper and a spot of tea. He considered Matty with bewilderment. For the first time in years he saw her as he had faithfully cherished her in his memory. Maybe it was because of the kid.

When it was time to go, Matty walked with him to the garden gate. He said awkwardly, "It's a fair treat to see you like this, Matty. But you ought to get 'im out of 'ere if you can. We're a big port. We'll be strafed over and over."

She set her jaw. "I can't 'elp it. I've got my 'ome and my work 'ere."

Hopes so long buried that he scarcely recognised them were stirring in him. The war over. A little pension. A gatekeeper's house in the country. Matty. He sighed. "Well, 'ere's 'oping for the best."

She went back and closed the door against him and against fear. Roger, with an apron tied round his middle, was helping to wash up. She watched him, her eyes sombre. She knew a lot about him now—about his home; about Snooty and the Eleven; even about the gentleman who had died at Agincourt. She hadn't quite understood his feeling for that long-departed hero, though she'd agreed he must have been a bit of orl right. But she understood about the Eleven, and best of all, she understood the hurt that had been done him.

So they'd called him a baby, had

they? Well, there were some babies had more nerve than grown folks.

"There's somethin' eatin' you, Two Pen'noth."

"I—I was thinking about that little girl," he said, not looking at her. "She was walking next to me—you know, when it all happened. She thought it was fun. You see, her people were very poor, so she'd never even been on a train before."

Matty snorted uneasily. Why had he told her that? It shook the ground under her feet. So that chap on the soapbox had lied about the rich kids.

"Don't you worry about 'er, Two Pen'noth. She's orl right—wherever she is." But then jealous doubt stirred in her. "Ain't frettin' fer your ma, are you?"

"I—I don't know, Matty. I think I am—a little. I think she must be frettin' about me. She must think I'm dead, too."

"Well, you would've been but for me. You've got to remember that. Besides, she was sendin' you away, wasn't she?"

"She thought I'd be frightened," he mumbled. "But I wasn't—I'm not, am I?"

"Brave as a lion," she said thickly. She watched him go back to work. "Want to go 'ome?" she asked.

SHE felt him fighting for his voice. "I—I wouldn't leave you, Matty. I sort of help, don't I? I mean, you're not frightened either, now I'm here, are you?"

"If it wasn't for you I couldn't stick it."

But that night the guns sounded again. The wings of black, invisible death beat loudly over them. Even as they held each other close, it might be descending on them, faster and faster.

"Stick it!" he whispered to her. "You betcher life!"

She knew then. She loved him with all the starved passion of her

life. The knowledge tore her as the earth was being torn. It bereft her of bitterness; it gave her over to the grief of understanding and compassion. Poignantly she understood the woman who was Roger's mother. She knew now what had been in the stranger's heart—not cowardice, but the piteous urge to shield her last treasure from this agony.

She knew everything—even to what she, in her turn, would have to do.

Roger's mother had walked with Snooty to the park gates. He'd said, "You see, we'd sort of tagged him about never having been in air raids. We're awfully sorry. So Bev and I—and the Eleven wanted to tell you, Mrs. Delaney. We've made Roger an honorary member. We thought he'd like it."

"Thank you," she'd said gently.

Now she was alone. The slow English dusk was closing its velvet wings about her. It seemed to her that at long last this alien land and she were reconciled. Between her and Gerald and Roger it made a chain of love and death which, even to save herself, she could not break.

A stranger was coming through the gates, an odd-looking woman with a queer hat. She said, "You're Roger's ma, ain't you?"

"Yes," Roger's mother said.

"I'm Matty, Matty Biddle. I've brought 'im back to you."

"Roger's dead," Mrs. Delaney said. "E ain't." "E's down the road, waitin'." Matty caught hold of the slender swaying figure, and with that touch the last hostility in her crumbled.

So for a minute they stood there, strangers clinging to each other. Then, with a pat and a hoarse, "There! There now!" Matty let her go. "In a sort of way I saved 'im," she said. "I got to understand wot you'd done to 'urt is feelin's. So I thought I 'ad a right to 'im. But I didn't." She added sternly, "You 'av'n't either, not to

push 'im abaht like a baby. 'E ain't a baby. 'E's 'is own man."

Tears were running down the younger woman's face. "He's alive—that's all that matters."

"It ain't, not by a long chalk. And don't you make that mistake again. You didn't ought to 'ave talked to 'im about ponies and bein' safe and 'avin' good times. 'E ain't that sort. You ought to 'ave talked to 'im like I did when I got my senses back. 'Two Pen'noth,' I said, 'me and your ma are in the first line of defence. But you're the reserves. We can't fight proper if we don't know you're back of us, ready to take over.' 'E understands that. 'E'll go now wherever you was sendin' 'im."

Roger's mother took a deep breath. "I do understand," she said, "a little."

"Then I'll whistle for 'im. 'E ain't far."

But he hadn't waited. He came up the road shyly, laggingly. Matty watched them both. She saw a strange thing happen that somehow reassured her. Roger's mother didn't take him in her arms. She held out her hand to him—as one man to another. "Thank God, Roger," she said. And added, almost humbly, "Please help us, won't you?"

Matty turned away. She didn't dare move for a minute. Things were blurred. She might stumble; make a fool of herself. On the road up she'd noticed a lively-looking pub. Maybe she'd get herself a spot. But the prospect left her bleakly indifferent—without hope.

Someone called her name. She turned again—almost resentfully. She wouldn't take blame; she wouldn't take thanks, either. The two of them were standing close together, looking at her gravely. And then Roger's mother came to her and put both hands on her shoulders.

"You'll stay right here with me, Matty Biddle," she said. "We two are going to hold the fort for him—together."

(Copyright)

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense. 'Just get a small box of Orifex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and a half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Richy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Glaxo-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 2 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent and scanty passages with smarting and burning show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day—the remedy that will make you well and keep you well.

I LIKE scheming minxes," said Cowie. "I wish I'd known you sooner."

"You know me now," said Amie.

"It's too late. If I'd known you sooner, it would have made all the difference." He set the tray suddenly aside, so that the cup clinked on the saucer. He said: "Kit and I—don't get on together."

"Do you want to tell me about it?" said Amie.

"I'm not sure that I can."

"Try," said Amie.

Bernard Cowie was still trying two hours later, when Tuck came in. He looked cross.

"Amie," he said stiffly. "I don't want to hurry you, but it's half-past ten, and if Mr. Cowie and I are going fishing you'd better clear out and let him dress."

"Is it really half-past ten?" said Amie. "If I'm going fishing I'd better clear out and dress myself."

"Of course she's coming," said Bernard Cowie.

They went to Wencost. Tuck offered to let Bernard Cowie drive, but Cowie said he'd rather look at Amie. When they reached Wencost, Tuck said there was no point in getting out a boat if nobody cared for sailing, and they could fish from the end of the breakwater.

It was cold. The wind swept over it and the spray. Tuck stood on a point of rock and fished doggedly. Amie and Cowie sat some distance away. And Cowie put his arms round her to keep her dry. The wind snatched their voices away, so that Cowie had to put his lips against her ear to make her hear. When they spoke to Tuck they had to shout.

"You're not very lucky to-day, are you, Tuck?" Amie shouted.

"It's the wind," shouted Tuck.

"See that headland?" Amie said when they had scrambled back to shore. "Let's walk up there while Tuck is cleaning the fish."

"And how long do you think it would take you to walk to that head?" said Tuck.

"About two hours," said Amie.

"And do you think it's going to take me two hours to clean two fish?"

"Oh," said Amie sympathetically. "Are there only two?"

Amie and Bernard Cowie walked to the head. Tuck cleaned the fish. After that they went home.

It was when she and Tuck had gone upstairs to bed that night that Amie broke the news. She said: "Bernard is going . . ."

"Good," said Tuck. "When?"

" . . . going to stay till Tuesday."

"What for?" said Tuck.

"For a demonstration."

"What of his technique?"

"Mine," said Amie. "He wants to see me drive."

"You don't know anything about a Magnificart."

It was true. Amie hardly ever drove the Magnificart. "That's the point," she said. "His wife doesn't know anything about a Magnificart either. He wants to get a reaction from a woman with no special training."

"Does he?"

"Aren't you pleased?"

"No," said Tuck. "It isn't going to be very convenient for me to take another day for Bernard Cowie."

"You won't have to," Amie assured him. "He and I are going alone. He thinks I'll be more natural by myself."

"Oh!" said Tuck.

A MIE took a big breath, and her fingers tightened on the brush. "You mustn't think I mind doing it," she said. "I know I wasn't very pleasant about his coming. But I didn't know him then. Now I like him. He's had a sad sort of life, too. I think he's fascinating."

"He doesn't fascinate me," said Tuck.

"Darling," said Amie. Her voice was sad and her heart was singing. "Have you got a cold coming on?"

"I've got an extremely important buyer, Glenfallon Montague, coming on," said Tuck irritably. "I wanted to have him for dinner to-morrow night and get everything fixed up."

"You can take him to the club," she said, "while I fix things with Bernard."

"Fix what things?" said Tuck.

"The sale of the Magnificart," said Amie.

"So that's how it is," Bernard Cowie was saying once more. It had cost him something at first to

talk about Kit; the thoughts had come out raw and quivering. Now he had started he could not stop.

"I see," said Amie. She listened to Bernard Cowie with half her mind; she had listened to him so long. Tuck had come home and dressed and gone again.

"You can't imagine what it's like to love anyone like that," Bernard was saying. "So that you ache."

"It must be terrible," Amie agreed. The terror of her love for Tuck gripped her. Tuck had not needed to go so early. Tuck had not even waited to see if she had come home.

"I don't say it is altogether Kit's fault," Bernard Cowie was saying. Amie pushed back the silver clips in her hair.

"You're different," Cowie went on. "That's why I can talk to you. You're a help to Mr. Chantry. You've been awfully nice to me. But of course I know why. You want to sell me a Magnificart."

"That's all," said Amie. Her mouth was dry.

"If Kit had been like that it would have been different."

"Perhaps she would have been different if you'd had a business."

"But I had," said Cowie. "I was a pilot. She wanted me to give it up."

She was afraid he would be killed, Amie thought suddenly. She must have loved him.

"I've given Kit everything," Cowie was saying. "Houses and yachts and clothes and parties. Millions of parties."

"Did you ever try giving her yourself?" Amie asked slowly.

Cowie stopped. "I don't know what you mean."

"Did you ever spend a quiet evening alone with her?"

"There isn't much time," said Cowie. "There's always a mob."

She stared at him, caught by a vision, brutally familiar, of two people loving each other, without time to love. "Pack her into the Magnificart," she said upon an impulse. "Take her away. Take her to the loneliest place you can find."

He tried to steady his voice. "I notice you got in the Magnificart," he said.

"Yes," said Amie. Tuck wouldn't like it if she didn't. "It's a reason for taking her."

Her voice broke then, and his

face; and yet the breaking cleared it, like a river swept bare of cold ice. "If it works," he said huskily, "I'll give you a Magnificart, too." She had no time for protest. He pulled her up and kissed her.

Neither of them heard Tuck come in. Only all at once he was there shouting the most astounding things. "Thought you were rid of me, didn't you? That's why I came back. Don't you think my wife has anything to do except be nice to everybody with money to buy a car?"

"Tuck," said Amie. "You don't understand. I've sold Mr. Cowie a Magnificart."

"What of it?" said Tuck.

"I've sold him two Magnificarts," said Amie wickedly. "One is for me."

Tuck stopped shouting then and began to bellow. "You can't give Amie a Magnificart," he bellowed. "She doesn't need a Magnificart. She's got a Magnificart. I've just given it to her. It's our wedding anniversary. If you're taking a Magnificart, take it and get out."

Bernard Cowie took it and got out. At least Amie supposed so. She was not quite sure when he went, because Tuck was shaking her. He shook her till the silver clips flew out and her hair fell down, and suddenly she was laughing. Tuck stopped shaking her then. And Amie gulped and said: "Where is Glenfallon Montague?"

"I got Larry to take him off my hands."

"But you'll lose the sale," said Amie.

"I could lose better things than a sale," said Tuck. He was laughing, too, but there was a queer unsteadiness in his laughter.

Tuck picked Amie up and carried her under his arm. "We were going to celebrate to-morrow," said Tuck. "Now we'll celebrate to-night."

"How?" said Amie, choking.

"How?" said Tuck. He strode over to the little sofa for two. It had stood in a corner since they built the new house. He seized it by one end and dragged it to the hearth.

He kicked away the stool. He sat on the little sofa and took Amie in his arms.

"How?" said Tuck. "I'm going to have a nice quiet evening with my wife."

(Copyright)

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

To Cancerians, domestic peace is all-important. It often determines their health and happiness.

THE home life of these people born between June 22 and July 23 should always run smoothly.

Wise partners will therefore see that the children are not noisy and unmanageable; that holidays are arranged by the seaside, even if only during week-ends; that all food is daintily cooked and served; and that harmony prevails near mealtime.

Cancer has rule over the stomach. Accordingly, upsets, arguments, unhappiness, over-excitement or over-work and worry can react on the nerves of the stomach and bring about indigestion and dyspepsia.

These ailments, though unspectacular, can so drag at the physical system that the confidence and ability of Cancerians are reduced considerably. This, in turn, brings failure and unhappiness instead of the contentment and prosperity which happy and healthy Cancerians usually achieve.

The people who seem to understand and encourage Cancerians best are Scorpions, Cancerians, Virgoans, Taurians, Pisceans, and Capricornians. At the same time Capricornians are not advised as marriage partners unless great understanding and tolerance can be exercised.

Scorpions bully July people considerably, but are usually the best mates of all. Pisceans and those of their own sign come next, but often lack driving force.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be patient and wise and concentrate on routine affairs. Changes made now are likely to go astray. Aggressiveness and argumentativeness will lead to trouble and difficulties, especially on July 8 and 9. Be quiet then.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Many can turn July 1 (forenoon) and July 9 (from 9.30 p.m. to midnight) to quite fair account if they are diligent and use forethought. July 10 and 11 quiet.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): An unspectacular week for most, but a good time to concentrate on routine affairs and to consolidate past gains. July 16 (between noon and 3 p.m. and again at midnight) fair.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Keep busy this week, but make changes or start new ventures, seek favors or promotion and other gains only on July 12 (between 9 p.m. and midnight). These hours favor letter writing, new decisions, dealings with friends or relatives and journeys or changes. July 8 and 9 probably difficult.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Better times coming soon, so keep to routine affairs and get them in hand. Also begin to make your plans for future beneficial ventures or changes. But don't act yet.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Many will find the coming week productive opportunities and the beginning of better times. Use such opportunities wisely and constructively. July 8 (just before noon) and July 9 (after 9 p.m.) best hours of week. Seek moderate advancement then.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Be cautious and avoid all arguments, changes, unnecessary delays, worries or difficulties this coming week. Your stars promise conflict, especially on July 8 and 9. Live quietly then.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Make fairly ambitious plans and try to put them into operation on July 12 (after 9 p.m.). Be cautious during other hours of that day; also on July 10 and 11.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Just a week of days for most, but try to plan for the rather near future when things should improve.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Look out for trouble if you are unwise at difficult to get along with. Live quietly and try to dodge upsets and opposition on July 8 and 9.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A time for reconstruction and method rather than ventureousness or change. July 16 (mid-afternoon and again right near midnight) best but weak. Concentrate on minor affairs.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): No time for grumbling or worrying. Get busy with constructive plans and try to put them into practice on July 12 (after 9 p.m.), July 8 (forenoon hours), and 9 (near midnight) fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.

Editor, A.W.W.]



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!

Brief Return

Continued from page 7

THE Sergeant said, without appearing to interrupt: "Yes, I know. I've seen him."

"Did he tell you about the man he saw?"

He nodded briefly and made no comment whatever, but said instead: "Miss Mary, did you and Mr. Basil have an extended talk last night?"

"Not exactly. Still, we did talk. What is it you want to know about?" I noticed out of the corner of my eye that the man who had the notebook in his hand was writing in it swiftly every time anyone spoke, and I had a sudden recollection of records that were offered as evidence at trials. I must guard my tongue.

"Your whole conversation, really," said Walters, blue eyes very small and bright. "He didn't tell you where he had been or why he let you think he died in that crash?"

"No, I told you that."

"You have no idea where he came from last night, or where he'd been?"

"None," I replied. "It's all just as I told you—he said he left the train at Little Turnford. Did you find his bags?"

"Yes," said Walters, and again volunteered nothing. "Miss Mary, you and Mr. Basil talked of Miss Alice?"

"Well, naturally," I told him. "He knew of her remarriage?"

"Yes, of course. We told you that last night, too." It made me uneasy, his slow covering of ground which had already been covered.

"And when you suggested that Miss Alice divorce him he didn't take kindly to the idea."

"No."

"In fact, he refused a divorce."

"Sergeant Walters, we went all over this last night—"

"Yes, I know. I only want to get the facts straight; but I think I've got everything. I'll let you look over my last night's report in order to make sure that I've got everything just as you said it; I'll ask you to sign it—"

I glanced at Tom whose face was perfectly uncommunicative and, since there wasn't anything else to do, started to read the report.

It took rather a long time; but nobody spoke while I read.

The report was so far as I could remember altogether accurate. Too accurate, I might say; it heightened my respect for Sergeant William Walters. There wasn't anything I could reasonably object to, although in black and white like that our mad attempt to hide Basil's body and the implied admission that we also hoped to hide the fact of murder did loom up very badly indeed and I couldn't deny it.

There was nothing that wasn't true and which was more important that Walters did not already know to be true.

Reading it, however, slowly, wondering with every word if there were any way in which I could soften the report and realising that I couldn't, took time. I finished just as Rodney arrived.

"All accurate, Miss Mary?" said Walters cheerfully.

Of course it was. Too accurate; I wouldn't have been at all surprised reading that report if the two policemen had marched Jenny and me straight off to prison.

"Yes," I said slowly. "I suppose it is."

"In here, Mr. Loveday," said Joe and Rodney hurried in, panting, red-faced and babbling.

"Good heavens," he cried. "Morning, Miss Mary—hello, Tom. Oh, you're here, Walters. Well, have you got the fellow?"

Tom gave a rather terse nod in Rodney's direction and went back to staring out of the window and Walters said: "What fellow?"

"Why, the murderer, of course! Good heavens, think of it. Houlst supposed to be dead all that time and then turning up."

"Who told you about it?" said Walters, taking the typed sheets out of my hand.

"I don't know. Yes, I do. It was the milkman, as I was driving to the office. Who did it?"

Walters said quietly: "I'd like to know. Who else lives in this road besides you people, Miss Mary, and Loveday and Evans?"

"Nobody," said Rodney, answering for me. "That is, there's the Stewart place, but it's closed; they're abroad this summer. And the Kings, near Alastair's place; they're gone, too. Nobody else. Why?"

"It's not a busy road," said Walters slowly.

"In fact it's pretty well deserted—not very many strangers come along I should imagine."

Tom got up all at once and walked to the door. I glanced at him and was struck by something fixed in his face, and followed his eyes.

I, too, by turning my head, could see into the garden, and there was Jenny with Alastair Evans. It wasn't Alastair's presence, however, that surprised me; it was the way they stood facing each other, Alastair's arms lightly round Jenny and Jenny looking up at him in an oddly confiding way. They were talking earnestly, I saw that; and there was something understanding and tender in the little scene.

I didn't like it, and I didn't like the implied understanding. Tom opened the door and everyone looked at him as he did so, but I don't think anyone else could see into the garden as I could and as Tom could, because of the wistaria that climbs outside the windows. Tom said clearly: "Alastair—you're wanted."

"Oh, is Evans out there?" said Walters quickly. "Good. Tell him to come in. While we're together," he added neatly. "We may be able to get somewhere. There aren't many people about this road at night, and if any of you saw anything it might help a lot."

The constable with the notebook turned a page and Jenny came in, followed by Alastair, who looked at

Tom and said, smiling: "Hello, Sherlock. . . . Good morning, Miss Mary. I'm so sorry . . . Hello, Cynthia."

He nodded easily to Walters and the policeman, and Jenny came and sat on the window-seat beside me. And Walters and Tom between them, without warning, proceeded to put us all through a prolonged bout of questions.

They began with Alastair, who said he didn't know Basil was alive, didn't know that he had returned, and was inexpressibly shocked (though his cool and suave voice didn't express much shock) at hearing that morning the sad news.

"Who told you?" said Walters. It was again the milkman—whom as a matter of fact I had always suspected of being a gossip; I made a mental note to change to the Clover Dairy.

"And you had no suspicion that Mr. Basil wasn't killed in the plane crash?"

"None," said Alastair definitely. "You were Houlst's best friend, weren't you, Evans? Looks as if he would have let you know he wasn't killed."

"Well, he didn't," said Alastair. "But, then, Houlst was uncertain. You never knew just what to expect from him."

"Seems as if he would have let you know he was home," said Walters.

"It does seem so. But he didn't."

"What about last night, Evans? Did you see any strangers about—along the road, perhaps, or—"

"No one. I was alone last night. Sat in my garden after dinner; listened to the wireless, went into the house as it grew dark, and read. I didn't see any stranger and no one came in. I have no alibi if that's what you are really after, but neither had I any motive in killing a man I believed had been dead for a year."

"Alibi!" cried Rodney. "Good lord! You don't think one of his friends—good heavens—"

"Rodney," said Cynthia. She said just that and not another word, and Rodney stopped and wiped his face again. Walters said: "You needn't take that tone, Evans. Nobody is being accused. There is no evidence against you. I am questioning you people who were closest to Houlst only in the hope that you might know something that would be a help to us. You don't need to say anything if you don't want to. If any of you object—"

He paused invitingly and, of course, no one objected. I wanted to, myself, but didn't dare. Walters turned to Rodney.

"What about it, Loveday? Did you see anything out of the ordinary? I believe there's a view of the road from your place."

He paused invitingly and, of course, no one objected. I wanted to, myself, but didn't dare. Walters turned to Rodney.

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"What about it, Loveday? Did you see anything out of the ordinary? I believe there's a view of the road from your place."

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1.—Most staggering highlight of recent news, the Russo-German war! In fact, have you yet collected yourself sufficiently to sort out the fact that Stalin's real name is not Stalin at all, but Alexei Dmitriy Siminovich—Yosef Visarionovich Dzhughashvili—Serge Raminoffski—Jan Yosef Dmitriyevitch.
- 2.—When your recipe tells you to "cream the butter and sugar," you mix them to a smooth paste by adding hot water—melt them together over slow heat, stirring all the time—simmer them together for about 15 minutes—work them together with a spoon.
- 3.—Those initials, "A.C.T.U.," stand for Australian Committee for Trade Unions—Australian Council of Trade Unions—Trade Unions' Advisory Council—Australasian Council of Trades Unions.
- 4.—You remember learning at school about the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." It was famous as the scene of Richard I's departure for the Crusades—the signing of Magna Charta—Henry II's meeting with his Barons—a meeting between Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France.
- 5.—Does Canada's flag, like Australia's, bear a Union Jack? Yes—no.
- 6.—You would identify Stephen Foster as The man who introduced perforations for postage stamps—the composer of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River"—a noted experimenter in X-ray work—the painter of the picture, "The Angelus."
- 7.—Remember Durazzo, highlight once of the war news? It's in Poland—Finland—Albania—Eritrea—Crete—Yugoslavia.
- 8.—"He that gain'd a hundred fights, And never lost an English gun." Sounds almost too good to be true, but that's what a famous poet said of Robert Clive—Kitchener—The Duke of Wellington—Marlborough.
- 9.—A circle has a radius, but your own radius is one of the bones in your Leg—spine—arm—hand.
- 10.—If you call a man a somnambulist, you mean that he Walks in his sleep—collects old prints—is very absent-minded—walks a tight-rope.

Answers on page 38

with his handkerchief, didn't look at Cynthia and said: "Yes—yes, of course. That's right. Clever of you to remember, Cynthia. That's quite right, Walters. So if it's all his you're after, as Alastair says, we have alibis. I'm Cynthia's and she's mine."

"Alibis," said Walters sardonically, "at two o'clock in the morning are a little difficult. But I wish you people would get alibis out of your heads; you act as if you're afraid you're going to be suspected of having had something to do with Houlst's murder yourselves. Believe me, if any of you were under suspicion you'd know it soon enough. Forget all that, and just tell me what we want to know, openly. And honestly. By the way, Miss Mary, did you and Mr. Basil talk at all of money?"

His abrupt sheering to me startled me a little. I said no, I believed we hadn't.

"As I understand it, you inherited this place and in fact all of Mr. Basil's property when Miss Alice married Robert Blake."

"Yes, Yes, I did."

"Were you in favor of her marriage to Blake?"

"Yes, of course."

"You wouldn't have inherited, would you, if she hadn't remarried?"

"No."

Tom said abruptly: "That's not why Miss Mary wanted Miss Alice to marry again. She gave Miss Alice half of Houlst's money when she sold the factory. Only a few people knew it, of course."

"Ah," said Walters. "Why did you sell the factory, Miss Mary?"

Please turn to page 30

OVERWORKED EYES

A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning — is the modern way to cleanse, soothe, refresh. Murine's six extra ingredients wash away all irritation and strain. Ask your chemist . . .

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile isn't flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 2/6

Famous old-time play adapted as radio serial

2GB presents "The Silver King"

"The Silver King," a world stage success of yesteryear, has been adapted to radio and is now being presented in serial form by 2GB.

In keeping with the policy of presenting an outstanding feature "On the Hour" throughout the day, "The Silver King" is programmed at 12 noon every Monday to Thursday.

YELLOWED newspaper cuttings tell how on November 16, 1882, "The Silver King," a new drama, in five acts, by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman, was vociferously received.

Now, nearly 60 years later, the leading role of Wilfred Denver is played by Harvey Adams, supported by a fine cast.

Queenie Ashton plays the role of Nell Denver, wife of "The Silver King"; Ronald Morse is Captain Herbert Skinner ("The Spider"); while Arundel Nixon is cast as the villainous Geoffrey Ware. Heading a cast of twenty other artists are Lou Vernon, Victor Goulet, Lyndall Barbour, Frank Bradley, Marshall Crosby, Maiva Drummond, John Alden, and Ron Randall. This brilliant cast is directed by George Matthews.

Briefly, the story tells of the adventures of Will Denver, who per-

suaded pretty Nell Hathaway to break her engagement with Geoffrey Ware.

In revenge, Geoffrey Ware induces Denver to wager his family fortune on the turf. When Denver has lost his last penny, he tries to find forgetfulness by drinking, and it is during this crisis of his life that a murder is committed in his rooms—a murder for which Denver believes he is responsible.

Disguising himself and changing his name, he flees to California.

After making his fortune and becoming "The Silver King of Nevada," Denver returns to London.

Few dramas have crowded so much colorful material into the seemingly limited canvas of a stage play. The robbery at Hutton Garden, the shooting of Geoffrey Ware, the train smash, the tribulations of Nell Denver, the final unmasking of the society jewel thief, "The Spider," and the scenes on the Californian goldfields are material sufficient for half a dozen thrillers.



HARVEY ADAMS as Wilfred Denver in "The Silver King."

It is this wealth of material, in addition to the fact that the original was written in short scenes, which makes "The Silver King" ideal radio entertainment.

Favorite songs of yesteryear are added, in keeping with the story, and original research into life and conditions in the Californian goldfields has added color to the scenes located there.

For listeners to-day, however, much of the charm of the story lies in its setting in the leisurely days of Early Victorian London—a London of hansom cabs and gaslights.



LASTING CURLS FOR MODERN HAIR - DO'S

Let Eugene's "B" sachets safeguard the lovely tulle of your crowning glory. No "frizz" with Eugene's "B". They're especially produced for bleached hair but are equally suitable for coarse or naturally wavy textures. They give curls that are always soft and truly adaptable. Insist on the new Eugene's "B" sachets.

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There's no curl like the Eugene curl

Sole Distributors:
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.
All States

Women also Serve..

How "Bundles for Britain" help bomb victims

Selecting suitable clothes for the English winter

WHEN the Sydney organisers of the "Bundles for Britain" saw the first van load of bales leaving the central depot recently for shipment, they had the satisfaction of knowing that every garment in the load was in perfect order.

There has been a wonderful response to the appeal sponsored by Consolidated Press (publishers of the Daily Telegraph, the Sunday Telegraph, and The Australian Women's Weekly).

From the first moment that the appeal was made public, large parcels have been sent to the various suburban depots and to the main depot at 4 Brisbane Street.

Every day is a busy day at the depot. Parcels are collected at the suburban centres by members of the Voluntary War Transport, who use their own cars and petrol as their contribution to the cause for which there is such an immediate and a future need.

Inside the Brisbane Street building, Mrs. Keith Martin, the organising secretary, and her band of 50 voluntary workers are busy in the office checking the parcels, taking note of the personal letters that accompany them, and arranging for shipment which is given free by a leading shipping company.

Letters of thanks are sent to every person who gives an address with a parcel of clothing.

"You can see by this file how many we have to answer," said Mrs. Martin, as she checked a long list.

"From the small boy, aged 10, who sent us a War Savings Certificate to the old-age pensioner who brought along a few shillings we are receiving the most satisfactory co-operation from the public, both in goods and donations."

Varied selection

THE selection of clothes which are being sent in is amazingly comprehensive.

From one bundle came six laundered stiff white shirts, a woman's overcoat which looked as if it had never been worn; three pairs of dark blue pants suitable for a small boy of about six, and a new red flannel dressing-gown to delight some elderly woman.

In another were a bundle of pretty handkerchiefs, several pairs of good shoes, a child's rainproof coat, and two silk petticoats.

When the parcels first arrive they are taken to the sorting-room, where Mrs. W. Dunlop is in charge. Mrs. Dunlop only returned from London

recently, where she had been working in the Voluntary Women's Service, which receives the parcels from overseas.

In Sydney she supervises the opening of every bundle and its allocation.

Every article is carefully examined. Even the tiniest hole is noted and the article put aside for mending, which is done in another room by a small army of voluntary workers. More helpers are needed to do this work at home.

Clothes that are soiled are sent to be washed or dry-cleaned, and the organisers are appealing to the public to see that all their gifts are clean before they are sent in.

Huge bins are carefully labelled to receive every article, and as they are filled other helpers carry the clothes direct to the packing-room or to the mending-room.

"We have to follow the example set by America, which inaugurated the 'Bundles for Britain' plan," said Mrs. Martin.

"That is why we have to be so careful that everything we send is beyond criticism."

"At present we are sending only clothing suitable for winter, as the cold weather will soon be coming in England. Summer clothing is being carefully stored till it is time to send it abroad."

"Most of the things we have received have been of excellent quality, but we badly need woollen underclothing for women and men, and also men's wear."

"We rarely get things that are quite useless, but now and again



MRS. KEITH MARTIN, honorary secretary, who works every day at the "Bundles for Britain" central depot.

agent or Hoyts theatre, or sent direct to 4 Brisbane Street, and inquiries may be made by ringing M2131.



TWO YOUNG voluntary helpers unload a huge truckload of parcels sent from suburban depots to the "Bundles for Britain" central depot.

Social events for good causes

JULY 10: Legacy Club Ball, Trocadero.

July 10 and 12: Australian Ballet performances, Conservatorium, for Red Cross.

July 11: Free French Day, including Market Fair at Town Hall.

July 11: Wool Trade Ball, Trocadero.

July 12: Journalists' Ball, David Jones, George Street.

July 12: Winn's Ltd.'s 13th Annual Ball, Mark Foy's. Proceeds partly for radio equipment for war beds at 115th General Hospital, Concord.

July 15: Bundles for Britain Matinee, Theatre Royal.

July 16: Mrs. Hamilton Kirkland's American Tea for Sydney Hospital, 12 Wyuna Road, Point Piper.

July 23: David Maddison's concert, Conservatorium, for Air Force House.

there is something like this," said Mrs. Dunlop, as she unpacked a worn-out dirty pair of trousers. "However, even this will be used as we will send it to a waste factory."

By a system of triple-checking, nothing is lost or wasted, and between 200 and 300 parcels are opened and checked every day.

With money that has been given, the committee has bought thousands of yards of material, which is being made up into various types of clothing by girls in factories who voluntarily work back at night to do the machining.

Any messages of goodwill which come with the gifts are checked and enclosed with the goods as they are packed.

From its small beginning when Mrs. Ernest Turnbull and a few friends began collecting parcels to the present big continuous campaign, "The Bundles for Britain" is part of Australia's war effort that can be maintained worthily by our women.

Parcels may be left at any news-

Say! This is **REAL RELIEF** For a **COLD!**



One simple treatment reaches and relieves **ALL** these miseries



tated passages of nose, throat, and chest—which only vapours can reach direct. These vapours soothe irritation, loosen phlegm, relieve coughing, make breathing easy.

At the same time, VapoRub works on the skin, like a poultice, "drawing out" tightness and pain in throat and chest.

He Sleeps Away the Cold

Relaxed and comfortable, and breathing easily, Baby sleeps soundly. VapoRub goes on working hour after hour, breaks up most colds overnight.

VICKS
VAPORUB

OVER 26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

CHAPPED HANDS



USE Soothing, Healing IODEX Chapped hands, roughened by wind and irritated by house-work, are both unsightly and painful. Restore them to their natural smooth softness by the use of IODEX, the non-irritating, no-stain iodine ointment. Chronic cases quickly respond. IODEX is excellent for both broken and unbroken chills.

PRICE 2/1 from all chemists

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

"BECAUSE I couldn't look after it; I knew nothing about it; Mr. Loveday was a good manager, but I had a chance to sell it and everyone advised me to accept, so I did. Thinking, naturally, that Mr. Basil was really dead."

"Did Mr. Basil know you had given the money to Miss Alice?"

Jenny made a small motion beside me, but didn't speak. I replied: "No, I don't think so. There wasn't time to talk of money."

"He didn't inquire at all about what use you had made of his property?"

"No. There wasn't time," I repeated. "Anyway he knew I would take care of things to the best of my ability."

"Does Miss Alice hold that money in her own name?"

Jenny replied: "I think it's held jointly in her name and Robert's."

"That must have been a sizable sum of money."

"The whole transaction—papers and records and all, are in the box at the bank," she said. "You can look at them whenever you want to."

Walters turned to Rodney. "You were manager, weren't you? Did you advise selling?"

"Well, yes and no," said Rodney. "I thought Miss Mary was right to sell since she had a good offer and wouldn't want to be bothered with a business she knew nothing about. I knew, too, that she wanted to secure a sum of money for Miss Alice."

"Do you think Mr. Basil would have approved giving that money to Miss Alice?"

"I don't know. No, I suppose not. That's why he drew up his will as he did. To keep Miss Alice from having the money if she married a second time."

"In just what condition was the factory? Was everything all right? I mean, flourishing?"

"There was always a good steady income from it. Mr. Basil didn't need the income, but it was more than paying his way. The buyer was perfectly satisfied with everything. The—Rodney hesitated and flushed deeply. "Everything was perfectly above board, if that's what you mean." The flush on his face grew deeper and he wriggled in his chair.

"If you're looking for a motive for Houl's murder—I mean—well, hang it, what I mean is this, and I'm going to say it right out. I didn't embezzle and then kill Houl to keep him from finding out about it. There wasn't an earthly chance for anybody to embezzle. You can go into all the books; there's not a penny unaccounted for. Besides the buyer went over everything with expert accountants before he bought; I think that clears me. Everything's in shape."

"All right, all right. I had no thought of such a motive. At the same time you are perfectly right in your belief that the motive for murder is almost as important as the identity of the murderer; quite as important, in fact, but still a man may have a motive for murder without the desire to murder. The trouble is in this case Mr. Basil's return upset several apple-carts."

"We know of one or two; Miss Chace's home here and money would have been automatically taken away from her by Mr. Basil's return. Miss Alice and her new husband would have not only lost a very large sum of money but would have had a very painful and tedious business of divorce and remarriage to go through, even if they could have persuaded Mr. Basil to sanction the divorce. You say he was not at all

favorable to the idea?" He looked directly at Jenny.

Jenny got a small pink flame in her cheeks and said: "We—talked of it for some time. Naturally I tried to persuade him not to make things any worse than he had already made them for my sister. I think his behaviour in letting us think him dead was cruel and inexcusable."

"And I expect you told him so," said Walters in a small voice.

"Yes, I did," said Jenny, and Tom interrupted, rather quickly:

"Rodney, what do you think Basil would have done about his property?"

"Claimed it, of course. Fought for it, if need be."

"What about the factory? Do you think he would have tried to get hold of it again?"

"Well," said Rodney, "Basil liked anything that made money for him. I don't know, but I imagine he would have gone to a lot of trouble to get the factory into his hands again."

"Then had he—other resources with which to buy the factory or would he have needed Alice's money?"

"Oh, he'd have got hold of Alice's money," said Rodney. "He'd have got hold of every penny that had ever belonged to him."

Walters said: "Just how would his return have affected you personally? Would he have taken you on again?"

Rodney blinked and turned so bright a red that it looked dangerous.

"I never thought of it. His return wouldn't have affected me in any way except that in all probability I would have got a good job again. He paid well, I would have been only too glad to work for him."

"Friends, were you?"

"In a business way, yes. Socially, too, except that we were never at all intimate."

"Mr. Loveday, in your business association with him, is there anything you can think of—any disagreement, say with a former employee, anything at all that you think we ought to know? Do you know of anybody who had a grudge to pay off?"

Rodney rubbed his hand through his thin hair and said finally: "No. He had so little to do with the active management of the thing. Besides it ran smoothly enough; we never had strikes or labor troubles. We manufactured canvas supplies, you know; tents, awnings, camping things."

"Yes, I know," said Walters. "So you got along all right with him."

"Listen, I've told you everything I know! If you don't believe me, ask anybody; ask anybody at the factory, ask anybody that knew us; search the books and records—good heavens, I had no enmity toward Houl. Anybody—"

"All right, Mr. Loveday. Keep your temper. I'm not questioning you any more than anyone else. But you did work for Houl and could conceivably have had a grievance—"

Rodney shot up on his feet, waving his handkerchief with one hand and gesticulating frantically with the other: "Ask anybody. That's all I say. Ask anybody. You behave as if Houl's return would have hurt me. Well, it wouldn't. As a matter of fact it would have been a darned good thing for me; he'd have gone into business again and given me a job. He knew me; he knew I was honest and capable. What about all these other people that lost

something by his return? Why don't you question them—"

He caught himself and turned round to me, still waving his handkerchief and very red: "I do beg your pardon, Miss Mary. I didn't mean to accuse you or Jenny or Alice—or even Bob Blake. I—I'm sorry."

I said something soothing. Cynthia sat in absolute silence. Walters said thoughtfully: "Do any of you know of anyone who had quarrelled with Mr. Basil? Anyone who might have had a grudge?" His eyes went from me to Jenny to Alastair and lingered. "How about it, Evans? You were his best friend."

Alastair put his hand to his face in a familiar gesture; his hand covered part of the scar and cast a shadow on the whole. The very carelessness of it betrayed him.

He said slowly, his brilliant eyes on Walters, that he knew of no one. "Houl was my best friend, yes. But he didn't let me know, even, that he had survived the accident. So you see how much he confided in me."

"Did you, too, inherit at his death?"

"Not a penny," said Alastair, smiling. "So far as my personal concerns go I was completely unaffected by Houl's life or death. I had only friendly affection for him."

It was only by chance that I happened to be watching Cynthia. And thus happened to see what no one else saw, and that was the curious little smile that crossed her face when Alastair declared his regard for Basil. It was a knowing smile.

She lifted her eyes to Alastair and it was the kind of look—open, deep, altogether unmasked—that two people share only if they know each other extremely well.

I didn't dare to look at Alastair; my discovery would be written in my own eyes. But I think covertly his look warned her, for suddenly the smile vanished as if it had never been. Her face was again a mask.

Well, I had never liked Cynthia. It had been instinctive; pirate-craft is subtly recognizable. And I neither knew nor wanted to know the exact status of her understanding with Alastair. But I was perfectly certain it existed. Therefore did it in any possible way affect our own situation?

A theory immediately presented itself; a neat theory, if a little feverish. If Basil had been in love with Cynthia and a favored suitor, then on his return Alastair might have been overcome with jealousy, and thus disposed of Basil, promptly and directly.

The flaws were that Basil certainly had refused to give Alice a divorce (thus arguing a certain reluctance towards marrying anybody else) and if Alastair wasn't in love with Jenny, then my own powers of observation were failing rapidly. And if Alastair were really in love with Jenny, then what about Cynthia?

It began to seem too complicated. I like emotions to be simple and direct and prefer them to be moral. It has always been my feeling that "all for love and the world well lost" is sheer adolescence and that adults ought to behave as adults. So I was both irritated and puzzled.

Alastair said calmly: "It seems to me that this man Collins saw is your best clue. Why don't you go after that?"

"If Collins saw a man," said Tom. "Something in his voice caught my attention and I glanced quickly in his direction. He was watching Cynthia, too. And he, too, looked a little irritated and more than a little puzzled."

Continued from page 28

It must have been midday when the police went away.

Alastair went away promptly as soon as Walters and Tom had gone. Cynthia and Rodney stayed to lunch, but they were not much help, for Rodney was still fussy and indignant at what he appeared to consider an insult to his honesty, and Cynthia, never inclined to be chatty, just sat at the table, still a little grey round the mouth and for once in her life she didn't seem hungry. It was queer how flat and empty she was when she was occupied with something besides charm.

She did, however, rouse herself now and then from a deep abstraction to ask about Alice. Had Alice known Basil was murdered when she went away? Were we sure she didn't know? Then why had she gone—simply because she wanted to go back to Robert?

Put like that, Alice's flight did appear to be somewhat precipitate. And it was, I knew, the way it looked to the police. Jenny said crisply that Alice couldn't have known of Basil's death before she left.

"She wouldn't have been so silly," said Jenny. "She was too sensible to run away after a thing like that."

"Was she?" said Cynthia, unconvinced.

It was as salad came in, a little limp because of the heat, that Jenny was called to the telephone. It was the post office and they said her message to Robert had been returned and he couldn't be found.

"He must be away on a job," said Jenny. "I told them to send it to the office of the company he works for. They ought to know where he is."

Rodney looked dreamy. "It'd be funny if he turned up somewhere round here," he said.

Cynthia's eyes jerked towards him. "Robert Blake here! Why, then—"

"But he wasn't here," I said definitely. "So don't begin thinking that he killed Basil."

"Well," said Cynthia slowly, "somebody killed him and I don't know who'd have a better motive than Robert. Wife, money and child—all taken from him by Basil's return—"

I didn't say anything; I somehow didn't trust Cynthia. But Jenny bit her lip and then said boldly: "No one knew of that except us. I think it would be better not to tell the police."

"Yes," said Cynthia. "I quite see that. It would be so strong a motive for Basil's murder. Added to the motives that already exist—"

She broke off sharply, blinked once, and said smoothly: "I suppose Basil would eventually have consented to a divorce?"

"Yes, of course," said Jenny crisply. "Yes—oh, of course. Still, if he didn't want a divorce, what would Alice have done about Robert's child? Would Basil—have kept the child?"

"Another man's child!" cried Jenny, a little too quickly. "Absurd! Basil, of all people."

Cynthia's eyes were a little narrow and very bright. She said: "As you say, absurd. Still—knowing Basil—he was rather unpredictable, wasn't he? And if he had decided not to divorce Alice and to claim the child, it would have been a little difficult, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know. The question didn't—arise," said Jenny.

"And now, of course, it won't," said Cynthia silkily.

They went away soon after lunch. Jenny and I decided to let the telegrams to the kin wait, in view of the highly unusual circumstances of Basil's demise, and I made her go to her room for a rest. I tried to rest, too. I doubt if either of us was successful.

About five I had a bath and changed and went downstairs for tea on the terrace—at the back of the house and sheltered from reporters by the thick hedge all round it. Jenny joined me there, in a thin white dress with her hair a little moist from a shower and combed smoothly back. She was pale and tired and drank her tea

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 9.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 10.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, July 11.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, July 12.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, July 13.—The Australian Women's Weekly "Highlights from Opera."

MONDAY, July 14.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, July 15.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

thirstily and asked if Alastair had been.

"You mean just now? No." "Oh," said Jenny and looked down at the bridge over the lake. It was the path Alastair usually took when he came to Tenacres. And she didn't say a word to me of Basil, although it was, really, the first chance we'd had to talk.

Tom Tucker, however, turned up about a quarter of an hour later.

He fumbled in his pocket and put a tangle of blue threads in my hand. "You weren't made for a criminal career, Miss Mary," he said. "This was hanging in the laurel bushes." I took it. It was, of course, the blue net I wear at night.

"Tom," I said. "What about Basil's luggage? Wasn't there anything there that might be a clue? Where had he been all that time?"

He became sober at once and sat down near me. "There wasn't anything that was a clue. And we are having him traced, but there's no news so far. No news either of Alice, and we can't reach Robert."

Jenny stopped looking at the cornflower and leaned forward. "Tom," she said quite earnestly and nicely, "can't you give up this hunt for Alice?"

"You don't understand, Jenny. We've got to find her."

"But Tom, she doesn't know—"

"I can't help it," he interrupted. "She and Robert had so much to lose by Basil's return. We've got to find her."

Jenny's voice became chilly and her eyes like blue steel. "Listen, Tom," she said. "Let's get things straight. What exactly is your position? Alastair says you're altogether with the police."

"Did he warn you against me?"

"In a sense, yes," Jenny flushed a little. "Where do you stand, Tom? Is what Alastair said true?"

"Well, yes, Jenny, and no. That is—"

"I hate equivocation," flashed Jenny.

"So do I. I was about to explain if you'd given me time. Walters is in charge here; it's his case. And I'm—the police surgeon. That's all." "You seem to be making a career of it," said Jenny, suddenly very sweet and exasperating.

"No, I'm not. Except that I have and am making a career as you call it—of my profession."

"Of your—"

Jenny stopped short and laughed. "This has nothing to do with medicine. Doctors are supposed to save people's lives—to be merciful and kind and—and good. Not to follow people up and trip them with questions and—and hound and harry and torture—"

"Jenny—"

Neither of them heard me. Jenny's voice was trembling, and Tom got up and went to her and tried to take her hands, but she drew them quickly away. She was about to cry and trying not to. Tom said very quietly: "Jenny, listen, dear. Believe me, I want to help—"

To be continued

NEW... CANADIAN CREAM RUB

FOR CHILDREN'S CHEST COLDS

Mothers... here's the new Canadian cream rub specially designed to break up congested croupy bronchial colds with its safe, positive three-way "thermal" action... Buckley's Wintrol RUB... now introduced by the makers of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture.

NEW, 3-WAY "THERMAL" ACTION... Give your child swifter relief with this warm and glowing "thermal" cream rub. Rubs in quicker, penetrates deeper, acts faster. Even the worst chest colds, congestion, sore throats yield like magic... often overnight! Ask your chemist or store.

Buckley's WINTROL RUB

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write R. G. Turnley & Son, 205 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

The Homemaker

July 12, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

31



BECAUSE these eyes and lips—lovely features of Anna Neagle, RKO star—are serene and relaxed, they gain an added beauty.

FOR those very precious possessions—eyes—daily bathing, exercising, as much rest and relaxing as possible are essential to preserve their health and loveliness.

Make sure there is a bottle of eye-lotion on your bathroom shelf and wash out the eyes first thing in the morning and last thing at night. Obtain a suitable lotion from your chemist, or make up one yourself with boracic acid and water.

One level teaspoon of boracic acid dissolved in a cup of hot water, which is then strained through filter-paper or clean, fine muslin, and bottled, makes a good, home-made lotion.

Not only does a lotion cleanse the eyes, but it strengthens the muscles as well.

A famous eye specialist once told me that if only women would cleanse their eyes as zealously as they cleanse their teeth he would only have to work three days a week instead of six.

Wrinkled lids and tiny crow's-feet around the eyes will appear as the result of eye-strain from over-much close work unless you try to counter-act the effect of this strain.

Continuous peering at some object makes you screw up the eyes unconsciously, and as the skin is especially sensitive round the eyes tiny lines tend to form in no time.

For this reason you must nourish and strengthen the fine skin around the eyes, also the tender skin of the lids.

When you are creaming your face last thing at night, devote an extra few seconds to massaging a spot of cream into the lids and another into the hollows of the eyes, working the

finger-tip gently across any lines that may have already formed.

This massaging must, of course, be done ever so gently, so as not to stretch the skin itself. If your skin is over-fine it would be better to press and tap lightly instead of massaging.

It is a good plan, too, if the eye-lids are obviously wrinkled, to paint them two or three times a week with olive oil. Dip a penny paint-brush into the oil and sweep it over the lids. Do this last thing at night and wipe off any surplus with a soft tissue.

If you trim your eyebrows yourself, do use tweezers which have broad ends.

You will find that these remove untidy hair much more speedily and efficiently.

Bathe brows first

BEFORE using the tweezers bathe the brows with very hot water. This will help to deaden any pain, because the hot water opens the pores and makes the hairs easier to remove.

When the eyes are specially tired you will find that you can relieve them by the following simple exercise:

Relax in a chair and concentrate the eyes on a large picture or mirror on the wall.

Slowly follow the outline of the object, then close the eyes for a few seconds, and begin again. Do this exercise a dozen times, and you will find when you have finished that the feeling of strain has completely vanished.

As to your mouth—do everything in your power to visit your dentist regularly to ensure the safety of a "sound" mouth. It is false economy

to allow decay to get a grip on the roots of the teeth.

If you are a heavy smoker then your teeth will soon take on that nicotine film. If the toothpaste you are using doesn't remove this film then get one that does, or ask your dentist to remove the film regularly for you.

It is also possible to buy from your chemist special "pencils" for removing marks on the teeth. You dampen the sharpened end of this "pencil" and rub firmly but gently over the teeth until they are white again.

During the winter months lips often suffer from cold winds and chapping results. The finest investment you can make is to buy a colorless lip salve—or a pink one if you prefer—and use it under your colored lipstick during the day. Apply and leave for a moment to sink into the lips, then wipe off any surplus with a soft tissue and apply your usual lipstick.

And do invest in a lipstick which is lasting. If you shop intelligently you can find lipsticks that are not only inexpensive but are flattering, created to "stay put," and are definitely weatherproof.

At night remember to massage round your mouth with cream to relieve tenseness and keep strain lines away.

And when you get into bed relax your face, especially your eyes and mouth. Many women actually go to sleep with faces tensed and wonder why they wake up in the morning unrefreshed and tired-looking.

During the day, whenever you think of it, relax your mouth and eyes. You'll work just as well this way—better even—than with mouth tense and eyes screwed up.

How to guard beauty of EYES AND LIPS

By JANETTE

MODERN life, especially to-day with its extra war activities, puts a heavy tax on good looks. Eyes, particularly, soon show the strain of too much close work, long hours . . . Nervous strain brings a tenseness to the mouth and lips, resulting in loss of youthful contour.

These features—eyes and lips—need daily care to combat strain, to maintain their beauty and health and to keep them youthful looking.

To-day's beauty article gives you helpful hints on the care of eyes and lips.

Winter does not—cannot—will not make you safe from odour



Odour can occur in winter with no warning trace of moisture. Protect charm every day with MUM!

ONE TRICK that winter plays can easily spoil your charm. Cold weather may chill your cheek, but it's still hot under your arms. So don't trifle with underarm perspiration odour. Never neglect Mum.

Odour can—and does—occur even if you see no moisture. In winter, indoor living, warmer clothing and snug fitting sleeves, often actually make this fault worse.

Why risk your charm? There's no surer way of protecting underarm freshness than to use Mum every single day. A bath removes only past perspiration, but with Mum

odour is prevented in advance. Millions of women prefer Mum. Once you try it, you'll agree, too, that it's

MUM FOR SPEED! In a brief half minute Mum guards underarm freshness all day—all evening long.

MUM FOR SAFETY! Mum is harmless to any fabric and never irritates your skin.

MUM FOR CHARM! For lasting freshness, a million girls say "Mum"! Mum protects without stopping perspiration. Get Mum from all chemists and stores. Prices, 9d., 1/6 and 2/6.

IN WINTER AS IN SUMMER POPULAR GIRLS USE MUM

MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Another Use for Mum. Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

This Tom-boy loves her

BOURNVILLE

THE 5-STAR

COCOA

FROM dawn to dark she is always "on the go" with never a trace of tiredness! Bournville Cocoa twice a day supplies the extra nourishment she needs, and saves money for her mother into the bargain. Every cup (and there are 28 in each $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tin) is a cup of food, and when made with milk and a little sugar contains as much nourishment as 2 eggs. Give your family delicious, satisfying Bournville Cocoa today —and every day.

IT'S THE 5-STAR COCOA

- ★ **EXTRA FOOD VALUE.** Bournville Cocoa is rich in body-building proteins, and natural cocoa butter and carbohydrates to give you energy. So remember, a cup of Bournville —the 5-star Cocoa—is a cup of food.
- ★ **IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER.** The rich iron content of Bournville Cocoa tones up the corpuscles in your bloodstream, makes you feel stronger.
- ★ **PHOSPHATES—FOOD FOR NERVES.** Bournville Cocoa is rich in the various phosphates and calcium. These help your nerves, build up bone and muscle, strengthen teeth.
- ★ **AID TO DIGESTION.** Bournville Cocoa is particularly digestible, helps digestion of other foods and so makes every meal go further.
- ★ **VITAMINS—VITAL TO HEALTH.** Remember that every tin of Bournville Cocoa retains the natural sunshine Vitamin D, specially necessary for kiddies' healthy teeth and straight, strong bones.

FREE GIFTS

Save the coupons found in every tin of Bournville Cocoa for handsome Free Gifts. You will find one coupon in every $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin, two coupons in every $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tin and four coupons in every 1-lb. tin. A few of the gifts which may be obtained are illustrated here. (This Gift Scheme does not operate in Queensland or South Australia.)



"LOOK WHAT I GOT FOR NOTHING! A BIG BLOCK OF DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE! M-M-M... IT TASTES GOOD. MUM BUYS BOURNVILLE COCOA AND I SAVE THE COUPONS FOR FREE GIFTS"



B4FP1

CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE
COCOA



THE MOST
ECONOMICAL
FOOD DRINK
YOU CAN BUY



FISH IN ASPIC
—a delicious way of using up
left-over cooked fish for luncheon or supper.
Fish is flaked and set in individual jellies, gar-
nished with slices of banana and orange sections.



STEAMED FISH, gar-
nished with chopped parsley and
melted butter and served with potato balls
and fresh, peeled grapes. Orange slices can be
substituted when grapes are out of season.

FISH CAN BE SO APPETISING

FISH is quite an im-
portant food, for, apart
from its appetising
flavor and the variety
it helps lend to the menu, it
contains food values not
found in ordinary meat dishes.

When fresh fish can't be obtained
tinned fish can be used for making
an infinite variety of delicious dishes.

The recipes below which use tinned
fish call for other ingredients as well
—vegetables, breadcrumbs, sauces,
etc., both for variety and economy.

The two fish dishes pictured on
this page are made with fresh fish
and are served with fruits—a new
idea in the culinary world for adding
interest to fish dinners and packing
additional healthful food into a meal.

The dish on the right is simply
steamed fish garnished with chopped
parsley and melted butter and served
with potato balls and fresh, peeled
grapes.

The other dish—a cold one suit-
able for luncheons or suppers—is
made with cold cooked left-over fish

● When you want a quickly and easily
prepared dinner or luncheon dish, let
tinned fish solve the problem. Here are
economical ways of using this appetising
food, together with tips on adding interest
to fresh fish dishes.

By **MARY FORBES**

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

flaked and set in aspic jelly and gar-
nished with slices of banana and
orange sections.

HERRING AND TOMATO BAKE

One tin herrings in tomato sauce,
2 eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley,
1 cup soaked brown bread, 2 table-
spoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon
lemon juice, paprika and chilli,
cauliflower and black olives.

Bone and mash herrings and
tomato sauce, add soaked bread,
parsley, lemon juice and melted
butter, then eggs slightly beaten.
Form into a fish shape about 8
inches long and 3 inches high. Bake

in shallow fireproof dish in hot oven
20 minutes until well browned. Be-
fore serving place end of chilli in
head of fish for eye and use strips
of chilli for tail. Surround with hot
battered cauliflower and black olives,
lemon slices, and parsley.

SCALLOPED WHITEBAIT

One small tin whitebait, 1 break-
fast cup white sauce, 1 dessertspoon
lemon juice, 4 tablespoons bread-
crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, cayenne
and salt.

Butter thickly six scallop dishes
or fireproof dish and sprinkle well
with breadcrumbs. Mix whitebait,
sauce, lemon juice, salt and cayenne
together, fill scallop dishes or piedish
with mixture; sprinkle crumbs on
top. Dot well with butter and place
in oven to brown evenly, about 20
minutes. Garnish with sprigs of
parsley and slices of lemon.

SALMON AND CHEESE MARLOW

One small tin salmon, 3 table-
spoons grated cheese, 4 slices thickly-
battered bread, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs,
1 dessertspoon anchovy sauce, salt
and cayenne.

Cut battered bread into 1 inch
fingers and line bottom of medium-
sized fireproof dish. Cover well with
half the grated cheese and half the
salmon. Place remainder of bread
fingers on top and cover again with
cheese and salmon. Beat eggs, milk
and salt together and pour over
cheese and salmon. Bake in mod-
erate oven 40 minutes until set.

CANADIAN SALMON EGGS

One small tin salmon, 1 cup
mashed potatoes, 1 dessertspoon
chopped parsley, squeeze lemon, 4
hard-boiled eggs, 8 rounds fried
bread.

Flake salmon, removing all bones,
add potatoes, parsley and lemon
juice. Mix well and divide into four.
Take each portion of mixture and
mould round shelled egg. Cover
with seasoned flour, dip in egg-
glazing and toss in breadcrumbs.
Firm on crumbs and reshape eggs.
Fry in fuming hot, deep fat until
golden brown. Drain well, cut in
halves and place on fried bread.
Garnish with lemon and parsley and
serve with tomato sauce.

SALMON CASTLES

Two cups flaked, tinned salmon,
1 cup fresh breadcrumbs, juice and
grated rind 1 lemon, 3 teaspoons
curry powder, 3 eggs, salt and
cayenne to taste.

Butter six cups or moulds. Flake
salmon, add breadcrumbs, curry

powder, lemon juice and rind,
salmon liquor and egg-yolks. Mix
thoroughly, fold in stiffly-beaten
egg-whites. Three parts fill cups
or moulds with mixture. Place cups
at once into dish containing hot
water that comes about half-way
up sides of cups. Bake for about
half hour in a moderate oven (375
deg. F.). Turn out onto hot dish.
Insert piece parsley or celery in
centre of each castle. Pour around
parsley or curry sauce. Serve at
once.

SALMON KEDGEREE

Two cups flaked tinned salmon,
1 large cup cooked rice, 2oz. butter,
2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 2 hard-
boiled eggs, lemon juice, salt and
pepper.

Melt butter in saucepan. Add
salmon and stir gently, add tomato
sauce to rice, then stir in chopped
egg-whites and lemon juice. Add
this to salmon. Move it about over
the heat for 10 minutes. Serve on
a flat dish and grate hard-boiled
yolks over top of kedgeriee.

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"Soup Ahoy"—rich creamy Rosella
Tomato Soup, double strength,
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& 'DIMPLE OATIES'**

*"The Enemy of
Malnutrition"*

First prize for a new and . . .

DELICIOUS SAVORY

A READER'S recipe for lamb and bacon whirls wins the £1 prize this week in our recipe competition. Other readers are awarded consolation prizes. The prize-winning recipes are published below.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is open to everybody—so you, too, can enter.

All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Remember to give ingredients, method, and cooking time. If for an oven dish, give approximate heat of oven.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

LAMB AND BACON WHIRLS

Half pound bacon rashers, 1 lb. minced lamb, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch marjoram, 1 egg, 1 cup seasoning.

Arrange bacon on sheet of grease-proof paper with one slice overlapping the other. Combine lamb with remaining ingredients and bind with beaten egg. Spread evenly on to

bacon. Roll like pinwheel cookies, wrap tightly in greaseproof paper and chill thoroughly. Secure bacon with picks at 1 in. intervals. With a sharp knife cut into 1 in. slices. Place on greased oven slide or small dish. Cover with greased paper and bake 35 min. in moderate oven. There is sufficient fat from bacon for cooking.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Frame, 41 Albert St., Petersham, N.S.W.

SALMON WITH POTATO-CHIP TOPPING

One tin salmon, 1 packet potato chips, 1 small tin mushrooms, 4 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, few grains pepper, 2½ cups flour.

Heat butter, stir in flour and pepper. Mix well. Add milk gradually, stir until thick. Add flaked salmon and half potato chips crumbled. Season with salt if necessary. Turn on to greased pliedish. Cover with remainder of potato chips. Bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Dickinson, 74 Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

**MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:**

If you have a lame evening frock like the one illustrated here—or any garment which has metal thread in it—put away folded in black tissue paper when not in use. This tissue, which can be bought at stationers, helps to keep the gold or silver thread from tarnishing. Fold the garment carefully with a piece of paper between folds and put in a box.

« RESULTS OF AUTHENTIC NATIONAL SURVEY CONDUCTED AMONG AUSTRALIAN DENTISTS »

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Peggy: "Oh mother, look! There's that 'pink' on my tooth brush again!"

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Dentist: "You see, Peggy, our gums as well as teeth need care. To-day's soft foods don't provide the needed exercise . . . and so gums often become weak and tender. You should begin daily gum massage right away!"

Peggy: "I see, doctor. And I'll start using Ipana and massage to-day."

IF YOU want to give your gums, your teeth, your smile daily care with a dentifrice used by Australian dentists in their own homes . . .

Then change to-day to Ipana . . . the tooth paste specially designed, with massage, to aid gums to better health as well as clean teeth to natural brilliance.

That is the lesson of the National Survey conducted among dentists all over the Commonwealth. Here are the actual findings:

Three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dental preparation—paste or powder. In fact, more than the next three dentifrices combined!

Remember this fact . . . and the next time you buy a dentifrice, ask for Ipana Tooth Paste. And start right away the regular, daily practice of Ipana and massage. You'll discover, as thousands already have, how much this healthful dental habit helps you to have firmer, healthier gums, brighter, more sparkling teeth and a radiantly lovely smile!



SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

2228

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY. Regular Size 1/- — Super Size 2/-.

TAPIOCA CREAM WITH CARAMEL SAUCE

Put 3 tablespoons - tapioca (washed) into top part of double saucepan, add 2/3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, 2 cups strong coffee. Stir until it boils and continue cooking, stirring occasionally. When grain is clear add 1 beaten egg-yolk mixed with small tin cream. Reheat, stir well, remove from fire and add 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Beat white 1 egg to stiff froth and fold into hot mixture. Chill well and divide into individual glasses.

Caramel Sauce: Put 1 cup brown sugar into saucepan, stir until sugar is melted, add 1 cup butter, stir and cook for a few minutes. Add 1 cup boiling water. Mix and boil 6 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Grace Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

TOMATO PASTE FOR SANDWICHES

One pound tomatoes, 1oz. butter, 1oz. grated cheese, 1 egg, pepper and salt to taste.

Skin tomatoes, put into saucepan and mash to pulp. Add butter and let cook for a little while. Then add other ingredients, the egg last. Stir gently until mixture thickens, but do not allow to boil. Put into glass jars.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

FRUIT FLUFF

Two egg-whites, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 bananas, 1" grated apple, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 2 passionfruit.

Beat egg-whites till very stiff. Mash bananas, pour lemon juice over bananas, then add sugar, grated apple, dates, and walnuts. When well mixed fold in a little egg-white at a time until all is used. Pour passionfruit over top. Serve with a custard made with egg-yolks.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Truman, 89 Bundarra Rd., Inverell, N.S.W.

RABBIT A LA CASSEROLE

Joint 1 young rabbit and soak in salted water for 15 minutes. Take out and dry each piece well, then place in a casserole and cover with a layer of bacon, then a layer of sliced onion and pour over all sufficient milk to cover.

Cook in a slow oven for 2½ hours, then take from oven and sprinkle on top a little seasoning made from 1 small cup of breadcrumbs, a little chopped onion and a sprig of thyme, salt and pepper to taste.

Return to oven and cook for another half hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. M. Brown, 7 Sherwood Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.

Little Miss Precious Minutes

EVER tried cutting pumpkin in slices, dipping in egg and breadcrumbs and frying in boiling fat? It's delicious.

BEFORE putting a sponge cake in the oven to bake, try sprinkling a little fine white sugar over the top. This gives a rich brown, tempting-looking crust.

CIGAR or good cigarette ash makes an excellent polish for silverware.

A LITTLE powdered alum in the last rinsing-water will often restore the color of faded material.

BRITTANY RABBIT

Cut two small young rabbits into joints and soak in cold water for about one hour. Prepare a marinade with equal parts of vinegar and cider or dry white wine—about 1 cup of each. Add 1 small teaspoon of whole pepper, 1 saltspoon of thyme, a very small clove of garlic crushed, and a bay leaf. Allow rabbit pieces to soak in marinade for about 4 to 6 hours, the longer the better, but turn joints often. Have ready smoking hot fat, dip each joint in seasoned flour, and fry in a frying basket till tender and nicely browned. Put a tablespoon of butter in a hot frying-pan, adding strained marinade a little at a time till reduced to less than half quantity, then add three or four tablespoons of tomato puree or tomato sauce. Arrange rabbit on hot dish and pour gravy over. Serve with mashed potatoes and green peas.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss May Carr, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

BLOWAWAY SPONGE

Half cup arrowroot, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon plain flour, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda.

Break eggs into basin, beat for 10 minutes, add sugar and beat another 10 minutes. Then add arrowroot, soda, cream of tartar, and flour (well sifted together).

Mix thoroughly, pour into sand-wich tins, and bake in a moderate oven for 10 to 20 minutes.

This sponge is rather light to ice, but is very nice filled with cream, the top spread with cream and sprinkled with coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. King, Mullewa, W.A.



AN ATTRACTIVE feature of this jumper is the way the shoulder pieces fasten with buttons. Knitting instructions on this page.

Gay little jumper in a . . .

NEW BASKET-STITCH

Designed to be knitted in mist-green 3-ply wool, this jumper is given unusual attraction by the way the shoulder pieces button. The basket-stitch is effective, too, and easy to do.

To knit the jumper shown above you will need the following materials:

Eight skeins "Sun-Glo" 3-ply finishing wool, 2 prs. needles Nos. 9 and 12, 6 small button moulds, press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19in. Bust, 32-34in. Length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

Next Row: * P 4, p twice into next

Jumper in ballet-blue wool . . .

● This jumper with its high neck and cosy long sleeves features a smart vertical ribbing in fancy stitches. You'll also like its close-fitting tailored lines and find it very snug to wear.

FOR the jumper shown at right use 8 skeins "Sun-Glo" 3-ply Shrinkproof wool in ballet-blue (shade No. 2163); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 4 press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in. Bust, 32-34in. Length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together; sl, slip; wl, fwd., wool forward.

Tension: 15 sts., 2in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 122 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, increase 1 st.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, wool back, sl 1 purlways, k 3, sl 1 purlways, wl, fwd., p 2. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2, wl, fwd., sl 1 knitways, p 3, sl 1 knitways, wool back, k 2. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Repeat last 2 rows.

5th Row: * K 2, p 2, sl, next st.

on spare needle and leave in front



CLOSE-UP of stitch used in jumper at right.

of work, sl next 3 sts. on to another spare needle and leave at back of work; k next st., then k 3 sts. from spare needle at back of work, k st. from spare needle in front of work, p 2. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

6th Row: * P 2, k 2, p 5, k 2. Repeat from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

Repeat last 6 rows, and when work measures 13in. shape armholes by casting off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 4 rows (101 sts.). Continue in pattern until armholes



CLOSE-UP of stitch used in jumper at left.

each end of every 8th row until increased to 94 sts. When work measures 19in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts. Cast off.

Button Coverings: (6). Using No. 12 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every row until increased to 11 sts. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 3 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, leaving back shoulder pieces to fasten over on to front. Pleat sleeves around armholes. Sew press studs and buttons on shoulders. Work 1 row of d.c. around neck and shoulders.



SNUG, close-fitting lines make this jumper ideal for wearing with a suit. Instructions for knitting on this page.

measure 6in. Work in garter-st. for 1in., then shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work same as for back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 68 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 101 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19in., k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 35 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, leaving 2in. opening on one shoulder. Sew press studs on shoulder opening. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam.

Now!

9 Pads
instead of 5

—And NO Increase in Price!

Great news, indeed, for the housewife! 9 Pads of "JEX" instead of 5, without any addition to the cost per packet!! The quantity of Steel Wool supplied per packet is substantially greater, and each Pad can be used down to the last fragment. So, to-day, anyone can afford "JEX"—and no one can afford to be without it.

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If "JEX" is unobtainable locally, write for FREE SAMPLE to JEX PTY. LTD., 450 Collins Street, Melbourne.

st., repeat from * to end of row. (120 sts.).

1st Row: * Insert needle in 1st st. (purlways) and k 2nd st. through 1st st., then k into back of 1st st., and sl both sts. off left-hand needle. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: K 1. * Insert needle in next st., and k 2nd st. through 1st st., then k into back of 1st st., and sl both sts. off left-hand needle. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: P.

Repeat last 4 rows, and when work measures 12in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7in., work as follows:

Next Row: Work 32 sts. (leave on spare needle), cast off 32 sts., work 32 sts. Continue on last 32 sts. for 1in., then k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 3 times, then every row 3 times. Cast off. Join wool and work other shoulder to correspond.

FRONT

Work same as for back until armholes measure 7in., shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Work 8 rows. Cast off.

Sleeves: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 64 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st.

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"KITCHEN KONTROVERSIES"

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5/- each for the best answers submitted by listeners and used in the session, and 5/- for the week's best recipe.

Thursday, 12.30 p.m.

Edited by Mrs. Mary Holiday

(the famous English teaching authority)
AND A STAFF OF EXPERTS

As part of a policy of service to their many friends, the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment. They also cordially invite you to write to the address, (Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 7731, Melbourne), if you have any problem connected with washing. She will reply personally by mail or through this page.

A FORTNIGHTLY FEATURE

ADVERTISEMENT

Over the garden fence

When your boy gets his stripes
don't lose them for him!



SO SCHOOL HOLIDAYS are over once more! I know this because, last week, I was taken to a school football match, by the mother of a sturdy 12-year-old. And it was she who put the subject of washing those woolly sweaters with coloured stripes into my head.

Children are sensitive little beings, as you know, and are very self-conscious if their clothes shrink or the colours become blurred in the wash. And I'm afraid it's all too easy for the gay blue and red border at neckline or waist to merge into the sweater itself.

You run across the same difficulties when washing stockings with coloured tops, school scarves or, in fact, any child's woolly with a coloured border—so I may be able to help with this little problem.

1. The first important point is this—use COOL water only. And never rub two woollen surfaces together. Where the garment is deeply soiled, lay the part flat on one hand and rub with the other. By the way, never keep a coloured woolly longer in water than absolutely necessary. You can make sure of this by using the correct amount of Persil (1 heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water), so that the dirt is all gently removed in the shortest possible time.

2. It is not generally necessary to fix the colour of children's woolly jumpers beforehand, but do add a little vinegar to your final rinsing water (1 cupful to every gallon). Be careful, of course, that the temperature of your rinsing water is about the same as your suds.

3. When ready to lift the garment out of the water, take special pains to squeeze out as much moisture as possible. Then there'll be much less chance of the dye spreading if it happens to be not quite fast.

4. Dry flat. But if you're dealing with a sweater, first pack it—using, say, a tea towel for the body and tissue paper in the sleeves. Turn it

from time to time to hasten the drying.

All these points help the colours to stay clear and definite and will, I think, save you expensive replacements.



You spend
25 years in it...

SO WHY NOT MAKE
YOURSELF COMFORTABLE?

And I'm not talking about Rip Van Winkle, either! Just Mr. and Mrs. Everybody. Eight hours' sleep a night for three score years and ten means nearly a quarter of a century between the sheets—a mighty long time in a badly-made bed! Here are 5 pointers to a comfortable, kick-proof crib:

1. Turn the mattress daily. If filled with kapok, put it out in the sun for a couple of hours every few months to purify it. This also loosens the kapok and makes the mattress more comfy.
2. When making the bed, "mitre" the bottom corners of sheets to hold them firmly in place. (Do this by tucking under each corner first, then the sides, so as to form a neat diagonal fold.)
3. In winter you want wide blankets with plenty of tuck-in. So if you double some blankets for extra warmth, keep a wide one to spread over the top to hold the others in position.

AND THIS HELPS
SHEETS TO LAST:

To equalise wear on your sheets, see that the wide hems are at the top of the bed one week... then, after they're washed, arrange for the opposite ends to come at the head of the bed.



More readers win 5/-

Have you won 5/- yet for your wash-day hints? Write it down and post to Mrs. Holiday today. Here are this week's prize-winners.

Mrs. C. Howard, 184 Parry Street, Hamilton, Via, Newcastle, N.S.W. In washing a pullover the well usually stretches, if care is not taken. To prevent this I run a tacking thread round the welt at neck, cuffs and waist, till dry. When taken out, you will find your welt as nice as when just knitted.

Miss V. Shepherd, you can be C/- Post Office, sure your woollens will be the original size after washing by taking a large piece of brown paper and placing the garment on it. Trace a pencil line around the outline of the article. Wash in the usual way. Place the paper in a warm, shady position, with the outlines of the garment lying exactly on the pencil lines. If it tends to shrink a little, stretch it very gently to its original size.

PERVERSE PERCY



Mrs. Holiday asked Percy to illustrate "Laying the jumper flat on the ground." This is what he did.



AUSTRALIA'S WHITE
COLLAR GIRLS

Kitty Foyle started it! Now Australian nine-to-fivers are taking it very much to heart—this fluttering, fluttering touch of white at the throat. Best of it is, you can carry off office honours in LAST season's frock if it's topped with a crisp little wrap of whiteness. Jane, Miriam and Anne (pictured above) are all wearing 1940 frocks, cheered up with collars made of (guess what?)—**HANKIES!**

Jane's Recipe
for Renewing
Frock 1

(with round neck)

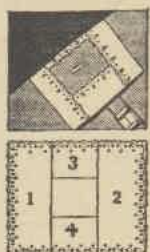
Take one handkerchief of fine white linen or lawn, embroidered in each corner, and bearing a crochet border. First cut diagonally, adjusting to shape of neck if necessary, turn under raw edges, and attach to neckline as shown, with press studs.



Miriam's Recipe
for Renewing
Frock 2

(with square neck)

Take one handkerchief of white linen, lawn or organdi, preferably with an all-over embroidered pattern. Cut like this: Sections 1 and 2 are for



the shoulders; sections 3 and 4 are for front and back, as shown. Attach to neckline with press studs.

Anne's Recipe
for Renewing
Frock 3

(with "V" neck)

Take one handkerchief as for Frock 2 (or as fancy takes you) and cut diagonally, attaching with press studs to each side of "V" neck, as shown. Fasten up the front with press studs. Pin on a little velvet bow and some tiny buttons for extra sompl!



Now that you see the idea—go to it! You'll be able to work out dozens of such darling little notions. There's only one rule to follow—any white collar (hankie or otherwise) depends for smartness on its whiteness. So wear them once only, then sparkle them up to their pristine state with gentle Persil. Everyone knows Persil washes whiter—and it's the safest care for all your dainty things.

He thought his shirt was white



till he teamed up with a
PERSIL - USER

If it's real whiteness you're after, there's only one safe and certain way to get it—with Persil. Persil's oxygen-charged suds dance briskly through every stitch of your wash—easing out the stains, the grease and ingrained dirt. Persil washes WHITER because it washes CLEANER.

And though Persil deals with every trace of dirt, it leaves loveliness alone. Use Persil for everything you wash.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.100.40WV

How good are you
in an emergency?

1. Uncle Herbie has sent you a pound note for your birthday. Having read the letter, you tear it up—forgetting that the note is still inside. . . . It's not till some time later that you remember and then you are only able to find half of your pound. What can you do about it?

Take the half along to the Note Issue Department of the Commonwealth Bank. They'll give you 10/- for it. If you happen to find the second half, even weeks later, that's worth 10/- too!

2. This time you're touring, and while you're in a strange city you suddenly remember your second-cousin twice-removed. But, apart from the suburb, you don't know her address—and she's not on the 'phone. How will you find her?

Go to the main Post Office (Superintendent of Mail's Department) and ask what electorate that particular suburb is in. When you know this, look her name up in the electoral roll for the full address.

3. If—as so often happens—Junior were to get to your sewing basket. And if—as might happen—he were to swallow a pin, what should you do?

Ring the doctor. In the meantime, make the child eat a bread sandwich with a filling of cotton wool (flavour with honey or jam). The cotton wool will surround the pin and may prevent it doing any damage.

4. You're waiting at the stopping place for your tram, feeling very pleased with yourself in your expensive new coat. Along races a car and splashes you badly with mud. What can you do about it?

Take his number and notify the police (witnesses are useful). They'll take action, and when the case comes before the magistrate you've a case for compensation.

5. This time your house has been burgled and you've lost a number of things. One day, when passing a pawnshop, you see one of the stolen articles in the window. How can you go about recovering it?

Don't tell the pawnbroker but go to the police. If you can prove you own the articles you can reclaim them, without paying anything.

Exclusive
MARY HOLIDAY
Pattern Service
2/6 Patterns for 6d.



Pattern "W.12" in size 44, with short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yds. 36-inch material and 2 1/2 of 54-inch.

Gracious Style for Matrons

Even a beginner can follow this easy to make Mary Holiday pattern, which includes an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain this beautiful overseas pattern, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage, etc.). No other pattern at this price offers you so much. Fill in the coupon below.

MARY HOLIDAY PATTERN "W.12"
MATRON'S FROCK

To "Patterns," P.O. Box 495 H, Melbourne. Enclosed find 8d. in stamps. Please send Pattern "W.12" (Pattern can only be obtained by post and from above address.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Size 42, 44, 46, 48

The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, I've come to see you about my wife. She's been doing a lot of war work and has been most enthusiastic about it. But lately she has become irritable and "moody." Could her war work be responsible for these frequent attacks of "nerves"?

DOCTOR: In this particular case which has come under my attention, the wife is suffering from physical and mental strain.

Like so many other women to-day, she spends an enormous amount of energy on her war work, and all this has to be done over and above her usual tasks which formerly used fully to occupy her time.

ABOUT WAR-WORK STRAIN

All this puts an extra burden on her physical and nervous resources, and these "moods" of hers are a sign that she is beginning to feel the strain.

As a matter of fact I've met the same thing in several of my patients lately, men and women alike.

Reduced staffs and extra work mean harder and longer hours. But it is foolish to be so enthusiastic that you forget the elementary principles of industrial hygiene.

And that is what many women tend to do.

Overwork drains the resources of women very quickly. Overworked and irritable, they lose just that little bit of reserve energy needed to keep up mental balance and cheerful countenance which are so necessary for working efficiently and well.

It was a wise man who remarked some thirty years ago that if the education of children was not

adapted to cope with the increasing hustle and bustle of modern life, there would be a tremendous increase in nervous and mental diseases among adults.

But to-day the strain of total war has been added to the existing stress. An extra (and tremendous!) load has been placed upon the psychological equipment of everybody—a load which, in most cases, it has not been educated to carry.

And the result? Women by the very nature of their biological setup find it harder to achieve a mental balance than men. They are usually the first to find themselves in psychological difficulties or "moods."

These moods take a further toll on the energy of the victim. And so the vicious circle is set up. Before long more energy is expended worrying (usually over trifles) than working, and the only result of this worrying is to stimulate

a feeling of misgiving among co-workers.

For the worst of these moods is that they hinder others as much as, or more than, the victim.

In both the last war and this, the same lesson was learned. Longer hours of work don't increase production. Willing war-factory workers in England were producing less and less as the hours of work were extended.

A committee of experts recommended the reduction of the hours of work. The output increased!

It is essential to learn to work efficiently in this war.

This means regular hours, rest periods at lunchtime, mid-morning and mid-afternoon, and a change of occupation (as a recreation) in the evening.

It's not the quantity of work that matters; it's the quality.



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS show show Dr. John Kyle how their beloved Dr. Dufosse does things. Emilie uses the stethoscope on Yvonne with Cecile as commentator. Dr. Kyle attended the "Quins" recently during an absence of Dr. Dufosse due to illness.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

More common nursery problems

AS the babe grows into the toddling stage and then into early childhood many little problems present themselves to the young and inexperienced mother anxious to do her best for her child's mental and spiritual well-being, as well as for his bodily health.

It is often difficult for her to see his growing independence of her and to help him develop his self-respect by allowing him to do things for himself.

Often in this early period the great importance of the companionship of other children of his own age is not recognised.

The toddler is "over-mothered"

and his self-reliance is hampered, and he becomes self-centred. Childish fears and nervous habits often have their beginnings in the lonely child.

Some of these nursery problems were dealt with in a leaflet prepared recently by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Now a further leaflet has been prepared dealing with more of these nursery problems. A copy may be obtained free, if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4038WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

• NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Collar-and-cuff set

A DEWY-FRESH and flattering set that will give those winter-weary frocks a new lease of life.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on sheer linen in white, tussore, pink, lemon, blue, and green. Or if you prefer, white, green, blue, and lemon organdie.

The design is very simple to do. Buttonhole outside edge of flower and edge of collar and cuffs. Work the centre in either french knots or eyelets, and be careful to thoroughly press work before attempting to cut material.

Price, 1/11 complete set, plus 1d. extra for postage.

102. Just take a look at this effectively simple collar-and-cuff set and you'll decide to make one right away.



No 102

Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Getting Up Nights

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids with a scientifically prepared prescrip-

tion called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 4/2, 2/4.

Cystex KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

The GUARANTEED Remedy



No 101

101. A fetching frock that every very young thing will want.

SMART FROCK

AN easy-to-make style garnished with smocking, obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on winceyette in cream, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green; also wool crepe in blue and pink. It is marked ready to cut out, machine, and embroidered. The smocking, too, is so easy to do, and the embroidery design is worked in buttonhole, satin-stitch, and stem-stitch.

Wool Crepe.—Sizes 1-2 years, 8/6; 2-4 years, 9/6.

Winceyette.—Sizes 1-2 years, 4/3; 2-4 years, 4/9.

Plus 3d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/-.

Plus 1/3 extra for smocking and embroidery transfer.

Stranded cottons at 21d. skein obtainable at the Needlework Department.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 401F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 182C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 401G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4038WW, G.P.O. If calling, 178 Castlereagh St., or Dalmen House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

TOUGH OLD COUGH



YIELDS TO NEW CANADIOL MIXTURE

You can get to-day of any chemist or store a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada—takes a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continues for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more of that tough hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT



Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

HAPPY CHILDHOOD

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give **STEEDMAN'S POWDERS** FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

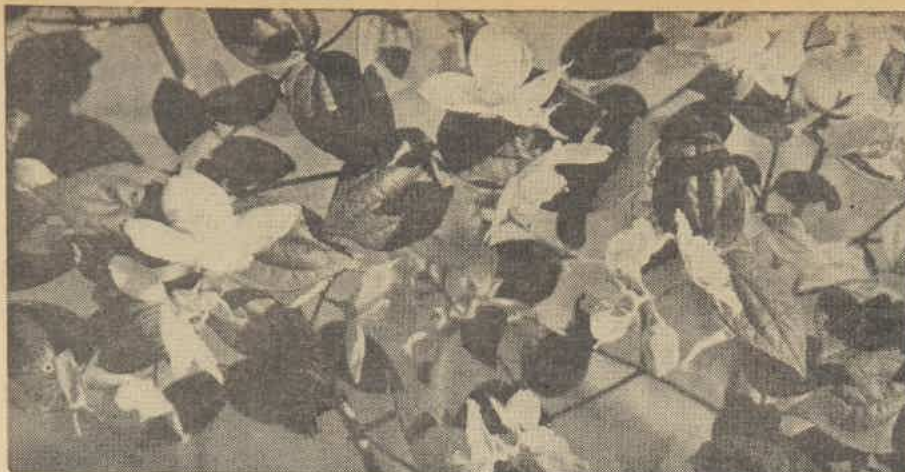
LUMBAGO



MUSCLES SOOTHED AT ONCE

Pain Driven Clean Out

Don't be a martyr to crippling lumbago pains! One application of St. Jacob's Oil and your agonizing pains go. First you feel your skin begin to glow. Second, your afflicted muscles relax. . . pain goes. You actually feel this soothing oil sinking deep into your painful muscles. You feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.



PHILADELPHUS (mock orange). This tall-growing deciduous shrub bears flowers for many months of the year. The blooms are white and highly perfumed.

LONG-FLOWERING SHRUBS

SOMETIMES gardeners want shrubs that will flourish in shady positions and flower well; others want varieties that will do well in open, wind-swept positions, or in hot areas where water is scarce.

Then there is the request for shrubs that will not exceed 6ft., will flower indefinitely, must be evergreen, cheap, easy to grow, and will not require much attention.

● There is always a demand for easy-to-grow, long-flowering shrubs, so here are details of varieties suitable for the average garden.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

I place that last request in the same category as that of the man who sought a potion that would provide him with everlasting youth — such shrubs don't exist.

Those who require evergreen flowering shrubs of unspecified

height should try abella, a dwarf shrub bearing small pink-and-white flowers. It grows well almost anywhere.

Continuing along the alphabetical row we come to abutilon, sometimes known as Chinese lantern, a rather

frail sort of shrub that needs a warm climate and regular pruning to ensure compact growth.

Abutilons can be obtained in white, orange, pink, yellow, and crimson varieties, and in some cases the foliage is variegated. They are rather robust shrubs when grown in good soil, but stand up well to inland climates if well watered.

The acacias include all our well-known wattles, and the best varieties are baileyana (Cootamundra wattle), acicola, dealbata (the mimosa so popular in Europe), decurrens (Queen wattle), decurrens mollissima (black wattle), podalyriifolia (Queensland wattle), prominens (golden rain wattle), which is a beauty, and spectabilis (Mudgee wattle), which is a small type but most attractive.

For cold districts

FOR cool mountain districts or coastal areas the beautiful andromeda is recommended. It is a dwarf type, but the lily-of-the-valley-like flowers are lovely. It likes a moist, shady, well-sheltered position.

Arbutus or Irish strawberry tree is another lovely evergreen which sometimes casts its leaves if grown in very cold districts, but in coastal belts remains green the year round. It has lily-of-the-valley-like flowers, too, followed by astringent red and yellow fruits.

Browallia jamesonii bears orange and yellow flowers in great profusion for some months, and is easy to grow in very warm districts. It needs hard pruning after flowering.

The Swan River pea bush or brachycome lanceolatum is a native that should be more grown than it is to-day. It is very hardy, has silvery foliage and scarlet pea-shaped blossoms.

Brumelia latifolia is a beautiful free-flowering shrub with blue flowers that fade to almost white. It is a rather slow grower of compact growth but well worth waiting for.

Most of the buddleias or mock lilacs are colorful and beautiful, the best varieties being veitchiana, magnifica and madagascariensis.

LAGERSTRYOMERIA, or crepe myrtle — a decorative shrub which also bears red, lilac, purple, or white blooms for many months of the year.

Callistemons or bottle brushes are excellent native shrubs and produce crimson, scarlet or white flowers, according to variety. They stand up well to dry weather, live for years, and are rarely subject to many diseases or pests.

Camellias, although slow growers, make excellent shrubby subjects or specimen plants for display beds. There are about 20 varieties and all are bright or colorful. Camellia sasanqua is of more graceful habit than most of the others, and grows faster. This variety can be obtained in white (double), pink and rose-pink.

Our native cassia is a hardy shrub and does well everywhere except in very hot and very cold areas. For coastal conditions it is ideal. The flowers are a bright yellow and usually appear in late March, April, and early May.

The Geraldton wax plant is a native of West Australia, and a hardy, colorful shrub if the dark-colored variety can be obtained. It dislikes a wet position and must have cool conditions for the roots in summer. It flowers from May to October, when it should be cut back to make it bushy.

Choisya ternata or Mexican orange blossom is not much grown here, but is strongly recommended for its fragrant white blossoms that last well for weeks in spring.

Clerodendron ugandense or butterfly flower is a lovely shrub that likes warm climates. The blue flowers appear practically all the summer.

Other evergreens that can be recommended for June planting are daphne, crotalaria (bird flower), diplopia, dombeys, eriostemon, escallonia, eupatorium, gardenia, genista (one of the broom family), grevillea, hakea, heliotropium, and holmskoldia (for warm districts).



HELP THE WAR EFFORT ON

"THE KITCHEN FRONT"

PLAN DAILY MEALS

with these Australian Foods!



This Lamb is great!

Will you help raise the battle flag of the Kitchen Front?

So that ships may be freed to send munitions and supplies to our troops abroad, many foods usually exported have been kept in Australia. These foods are listed in these announcements. Each is delicious, each health-giving and economical. Serve them often in your home.

An Ideal Breakfast

For a quick, energising, sustaining meal, try this delicious breakfast sometime soon.

Baked Apple with Custard
Lamb Chops with Bacon
Buttered Toast
Glass of Milk.

LAMB is now at its best!

This is an especially good time to acquire your lamb with the delights of lamb. Not necessarily with a leg of lamb or chops, many other cuts are just as delicious and as nutritious, and they cost considerably less. From the shoulder, for instance, your butcher can cut you excellent chops, a roast, or meat for a most appetising and wholesome stew. Breast of lamb is a delicacy that many women overlook. It is delicious when roasted, stuffed or braised.



and BACON is always good

There are endless ways in which bacon can glorify the most unexciting dish. Try Lamb's Fry and Bacon... Sweet Corn and Bacon, Grilled Bacon with Oysters and a dash of Worcestershire Sauce, or any of the other ways in which your recipe books suggest. Diverse of recipes, each one economical, health-bringing and delicious, are available to help you serve your family with new, exciting, palate-tickling meals.

From the DAIRY...

Milk, Butter and Cheese are protective foods which keep you free from infection. Serve them often to your family. They are rich in precious vitamins and mineral foods all in the most easily assimilated form.

...and a Nightly Rite

How do you persuade your children to brush their teeth regularly at night? Every parent faces the problem. Few have solved it. One helpful suggestion is to see that each of the youngsters has an apple to eat last thing before going to bed. Be sure you have some always in the pantry.



FOOD FACTS

Do you know that Lamb contains the vital nerve food phosphorus, blood-forming iron, bone-forming calcium, as well as vitamins "A", "B" and "G"? Lamb is non-fattening! Use it as a stimulating diet to sustain strength.

TO FREE OUR SHIPS

To free our ships to smash the Huns,
To send our fellows lots of guns,
We pledge ourselves for the duration,
Instead of foods from every Nation,
To eat the foods we grow right here,
And drink our wines for right good cheer.

WINE

has many uses



No beverage is more healthful than wine, vinted from sun-ripened Australian grapes. Next time you serve Lamb, try a glass of Claret. You will be surprised how much improved is your meal. Add one or two table-spoonfuls of Sherry while cooking to accentuate the flavour of soups, gravies and sweet dishes.

HELP WIN THE WAR IN YOUR KITCHEN!

serve these good Australian Foods every day!

LAMB — BACON — MILK — APPLES — PEARS — WINE

(Issued by the Department of Commerce).

The answer is—

- 1—Yasof Visarionovitch Dzhughashvili.
- 2—Work them together with a spoon.
- 3—Australasian Council of Trades Unions.
- 4—A meeting between Henry VIII of England and Francis I of France.
- 5—Yes.
- 6—The composer of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River."
- 7—Albania.
- 8—The Duke of Wellington. (Quotation from Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.")
- 9—Arm.
- 10—Walks in his sleep.

Questions on page 23

FIT AS A FIDDLE AND READY—

There comes a time in everybody's life when nothing seems worthwhile—when even to do ordinary everyday things is an effort. Then is the time to take WINCARNIS, the tonic that fortifies the brain, heart and nerves. After the first glass of this delicious wine you will feel more alive, and ready for anything, thanks to the quick action of the essential vitamins and nourishing extracts WINCARNIS contains. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men, testify to its remarkable properties. Get a bottle of WINCARNIS from your chemist, and prove for yourself the value of this wonderful tonic.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 128-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

A young couple build and furnish THEIR DREAM HOME

● This modern home, small but very charming, is the result of painstaking research and planning on the part of the owners, who determined to build a home to satisfy their ideas of comfort and beauty in every detail.

THE result is a home which, although it was not built with lavish expenditure, is supplied with luxury finishes, modern equipment, and comfortable furniture, and is gay, warm, and friendly with well-chosen color.

The exterior walls are of multi-colored bricks, with cream cement-rendered front entrance, cream window trims, and venetian shutters to the french windows.

In contrast, the front door, the wrought-iron railing edging the terrace, and the little pots in which conifers are growing are all scarlet. Even the low wooden front fence repeats the color scheme. It is painted in cream and red bands.

Interior walls and woodwork are finished throughout in cream, floors are jarrah, with Persian, Chinese, and Indian rugs. Venetian window-blinds are cream, and flush panelled doors have chromium fittings.

The first thing you notice when you step into the attractive hall is the long black mirror, with strip lighting above, which is attached to



COLORFUL exterior of the house, Kentwood, home of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Williams. Brick walls and roof are multi-colored, entrance, window-shutters and trims are cream, front door, wrought-iron railings and conifer pots scarlet.



REAR VIEW of house. Here, in contrast to the usual manner of finishing the back of a house, a most attractive effect is achieved with a terrace similar to that in front, and french windows with cream shutters.



ABOVE: This picture shows the dwarf wall which divides lounge from dining-room yet gives a spacious effect. The lounge side of wall is fitted with bookshelves, and the other with a glass and china cabinet.

RIGHT: Fireplace over which is a peach-toned mirror with strip lighting above. Candles on black glass mantelshelf are black.

CREAM cement-rendered front entrance. Flush panelled door is painted scarlet and finished with a circular window and chromium handle.



the wall opposite the front door. This and a Persian rug are the only furnishings here.

To the right is the lounge-room, which is divided from the dining-room by a dwarf wall. This, with the sunroom which opens off the top end of the lounge through wide double doors of reeded glass, gives the effect of one spacious room, the entire length being 32 feet.

On the floor in lounge and dining-room are cream Indian rugs with blue and mushroom-pink border designs. These throw up the beauty of the Italian walnut furniture and contrast with the two big lounge couches covered with plain uncut Belgian moquette in deep beige.

The same moquette is used for the seats of the dining-room chairs.

The interesting dwarf wall serves two purposes. Besides dividing lounge from dining-room it is fitted to hold books on one side and china and glass on the other. The top of the wall is finished with black glass which matches the glass on the mantelshelf, while the end is finished with a chromium grille.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

Over the open brick fireplace with its cream surround is an oblong, peach-toned mirror with strip lighting above. The mirror reflects two black candlesticks on the black glass mantelshelf.

On each side of the fireplace is a floor-length window of pine-apple glass finished with a bronze wrought-iron grille. This glass gives the room a sunny glow in the daytime, while at night long drapes of mushroom-pink damask with gold silk cords are pulled across.

Cushions in the room are nigger-brown, mushroom-pink, and dark green.

In the sunroom chromium chairs with red hide seats and backs, chromium table with black glass top, and wide lounge with wooden ends and underneath fitted with drawers for holding books provide comfort and gaiety.

Pink and black are the colors used in the bathroom, where there is a radiator set into the tiled wall and the shaving mirror is peach-pink.

Fuchsia, cream, and green make up the color scheme in the main bedroom, where the furniture is also Italian walnut. The Chinese carpet is green with touches of rose-pink, window drapes are fuchsia moiré taffeta with cream marquisette glass curtains, and the Swiss net bed-spread is cream.

Novel ideas give comfort and interest to the kitchen. In addition to plenty of modern, built-in cupboards painted cream and finished with yellow handles, a breakfast nook is furnished with a little table and two chairs in novel design, painted light cream and finished with black bands.

The kitchen ceiling is fitted with special ventilation grilles to allow escape of warmth and steam.

The back door is in stable style—top half can be left open while the lower is shut.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR
AND SLUMBERWEAR

Symphony in "A FLAT"

IN ANY FLAT OR ANY
HOME PYREX STRIKES
THE KEYNOTE OF
PERFECT HARMONY
BETWEEN KITCHEN
AND TABLE

Your home is out of tune with the modern theme unless you cook and serve in Pyrex. Cooking in glass is just one grand sweet song of simple artistry; and serving in glass is the finale which wins applause—and encores.

Agee Pyrex (whether the crystal clear variety or the new eye-soothing pastel shades) means piping-hot, full-flavoured dishes served straight from oven to table; meals which have been completely and faultlessly cooked at minimum cost entirely inside the oven. Honestly—it's time you had a complete set of Pyrex ware. Ask to see the kitchen sets— attractively packed in one all-embracing carton. You'll be surprised how little they cost . . . and how much they save.

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD

AGEE PYREX

IN CLEAR . . BLUE . . GREEN . . DAFFODIL & PRIMROSE

CLIP THIS COUPON FOR RECIPE BOOKLET

Crown Crystal Glass Pty. Ltd., Waterloo, Sydney.
Please send me a copy of the illustrated Pyrex Booklet contain-
ing attractive recipes and details of the Agee Pyrex Range.

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